Though acting Miss Muffet,
  My basin is empty!
Ah, I have to rough it!
Though acting Miss Muffet,
And posed on a tuffet,
  There's nothing to tempt me.
Though acting Miss Muffet,
  My basin is empty!



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*By permission of The Berlin Photographic Co., 133 New Bond Street, London, W.*

"TRYSTING TREE."

*From the Picture by Koch.*

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# FROM · THE · STALLS

*Photo* *Lallie Charles.*

## CLAIRE RICKARDS.

*A Promising Recruit to Musical Comedy.*

**Miss Claire Rickards is a Southsea girl, and the daughter of a colonel.**

**She is very bright and amusing, and is voted "awfully clever" by all her girl friends.**

**She is a great reader, devoting herself exclusively to the best works.**

**Tall and symmetrical, her hair is that most desirable shade—red-brown, and she possesses the brilliant complexion which so often goes with such hair.**

**She has been associated with a large number of musical comedies.**

**She made her first appearance in the provinces, in "My Friend the Prince," and, after, she was in "Naughty Nancy" at the Savoy.**

**After successively sustaining the *rôles* of a Cosy Corner Girl in "The Earl and the Girl" and a Bath Bun in "The Beauty of Bath," she went on tour in "My Darling."**

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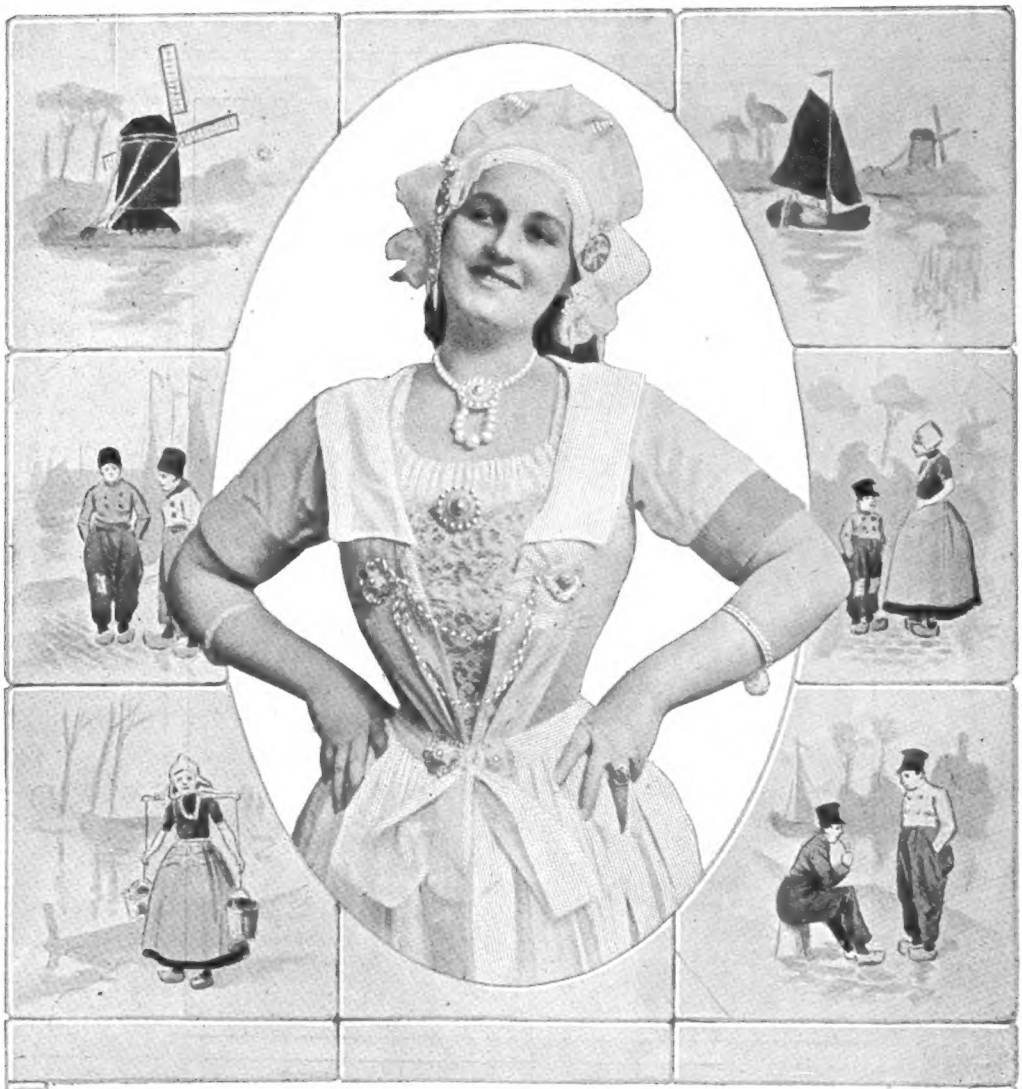

*Photo* *Foulsham & Bimfeld.*

## EVA KELLY (Mrs. G. P. Huntley)

*As Gretchen in "Miss Hook of Holland."*

"I have travelled all over the world," says Miss Eva Kelly, "but I never remember feeling so excited as when on tour during the Russo-Japanese War.

"The Russian Baltic Squadron came in sight and signalled our captain to heave-to, but, instead, he put on all steam ahead."

"Had he, then, any contraband of war aboard?"

"He didn't say; maybe he didn't want to be late. Though the fleet made every effort to capture us they never really looked like winning.

"The chase lasted three hours, and some of us thought it would be rather fun if we were caught after all."

Mrs. Huntley is a very devoted wife. Her husband says she goes out of her way to take an interest in all he does. This is hardly the usual idea of an American wife—but one cannot believe all one reads.

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*Photo* *Dover Street Studios.*

## ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.

*A Rising and Very Bright Star.*

The golden opinions formed by those who have watched Miss Alexandra Carlisle's progress from the commencement of her career have been more than justified by her performance in the revived play, "A Royal Family," at the Duke of York's.

She won great favour in "The Morals of Marcus," but her *rôle* as Princess Angela has carried her many steps further in public estimation.

Mr. Henry Ainley, who is now conceded to be second to none among present-day stage lovers, played the Prince. A more strikingly handsome couple could hardly be imagined.

With beauty and youth—she is only twenty-two—allied to quite exceptional talent, Miss Carlisle is expected to go far.

To Mr. Nat Goodwin belongs the credit of her discovery so far as London is concerned, though previously in the provinces M. Leveaux recognised her ability and gave her the part of Carlotta in a play adapted from Mr. W. J. Locke's celebrated novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne."

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*Photo* *Foulsham & Banfield.*

## ISABEL JAY and G. P. HUNTLEY

*In "Miss Hook of Holland."*

"Apart from my *rôles* in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, I have never been in a play which puts me in such good spirits." Thus Miss Isabel Jay in reference to "Miss Hook of Holland."

Who could fail to be "in spirits," Miss Jay, while working in company of such an enemy to dull care as Mr. G. P. Huntley?

Mr. Huntley, though still a young man, is nevertheless a very old stager, for he made his first public appearance when he was only three.

At sixteen he played an old man's part, the precursor of a series which was very successful.

He makes a careful study of all the best humorists of the day, one of his greatest favourites being W. W. Jacobs.

He is an enthusiastic photographer, and possesses a small printing press.

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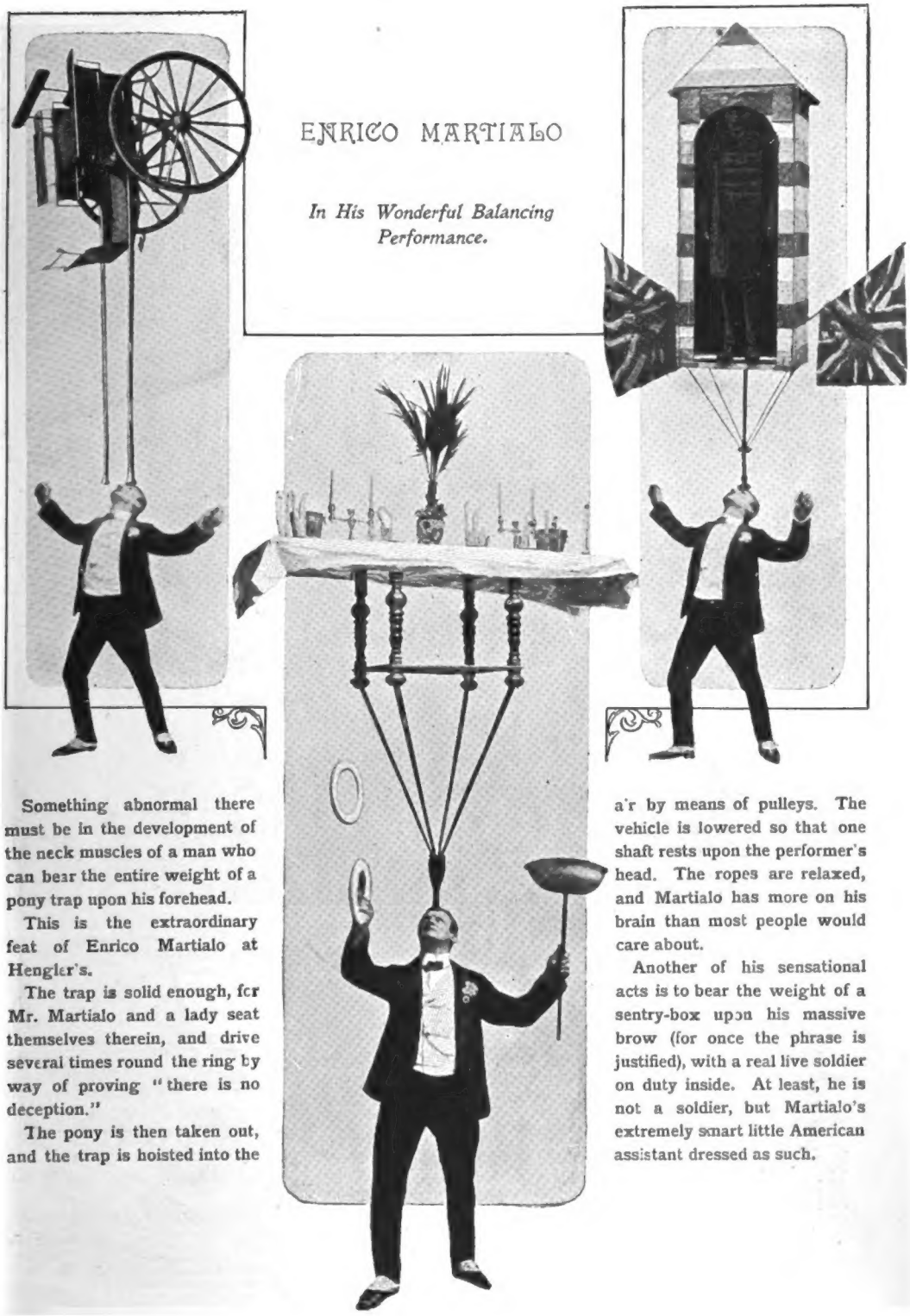

## ENRICO MARTIALO

*In His Wonderful Balancing Performance.*

Something abnormal there must be in the development of the neck muscles of a man who can bear the entire weight of a pony trap upon his forehead.

This is the extraordinary feat of Enrico Martialo at Hengler's.

The trap is solid enough, for Mr. Martialo and a lady seat themselves therein, and drive several times round the ring by way of proving "there is no deception."

The pony is then taken out, and the trap is hoisted into the air by means of pulleys. The vehicle is lowered so that one shaft rests upon the performer's head. The ropes are relaxed, and Martialo has more on his brain than most people would care about.

Another of his sensational acts is to bear the weight of a sentry-box upon his massive brow (for once the phrase is justified), with a real live soldier on duty inside. At least, he is not a soldier, but Martialo's extremely smart little American assistant dressed as such.

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*Photo* *Otto Sarony Co.*

# FANNIE WARD.

## *The Owner of Much Valuable Jewellery.*

Miss Fannie Ward, besides being a charming actress, is the wife of Mr. Joe Lewis, a successful South African 'financier.

She has the reputation of being richer in regard to jewellery than any other lady on the stage

When it is explained that the necklace she is wearing alone is worth £25,000, some glimmering idea as to the extent of Mr. Lewis' success may be formulated.

Mrs. Lewis lost some of her jewels a short time ago in a curious way. A bag containing them was picked up by the Duchess of Manchester's new maid in the house of a mutual friend.

Thinking the bag belonged to her mistress, she placed it with the Duchess' property, and it was not until the return of the family to the ducal country seat that the discovery was made.

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*Photo* *Arthur Rouselle.*

## POPPY HAMMOND

*And Her Pet Snake.*

Miss Poppy Hammond is one of the latest additions to musical comedy, and recently gained many admirers by her grace and charm in "The New Aladdin."

She is not a girl to talk much about herself, not at all the kind to court publicity.

But beauty such as hers cannot be allowed to hide itself away.

In Bertie and Billie she possesses two loving and constant friends. Bertie and Billie are not gilded youths of the period. They are more harmless even than that. They are snakes.

They coil themselves round Miss Hammond's alabaster neck in affectionate embrace. Fortunate reptiles!

"They are quite harmless, you know," says Miss Hammond, "and so fond of me."

They could hardly fail to be that. Is she not a true daughter of Eve?

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*Photo* *Foxlsham & Banfield.*

## GABRIELLE RAY and HUNTLEY WRIGHT

*In the Lantern Dance in "See See."*

The public know less of the personality of Miss Gabrielle Ray than of any other musical comedy actress in London. This is because she is so inaccessible to interviewers.

"I am a little bit lazy, you know," she says, "and the two classes of person that tire me most are photographers and interviewers."

We know we are a dull lot, Miss Ray; but even dull people must live, though cynics may not see the necessity.

Like Dr. Johnson, Mr. Wright does not wish to be known by his defects, but he is very short-sighted, and in one of his early stage appearances this proved very embarrassing.

He picked up a pan of gunpowder in mistake for his cap; the explosive went off, and Mr. Wright, rushing madly along the stage, fell into a tub of water.

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# LOVE'S PACE-MAKER

*How a Young Man Attempted to Spur Forward a Laggard Lover, and the Result.*

By
Berta Ruck.

I.

"If that young brother of yours is no good at exams.," remarked Aubrey's prosperous brother-in-law to Aubrey's sister, "no good at anything in the Colonies, and no good at working in my office, the question is, what's he good for at all?"

"He's such a dear," pleaded the sister of the ne'er-do-weel. "He's awfully good-looking, and he's a champion golfer. He's a first-rate polo player. You can't deny it! He sings charmingly. And he can make a success of the dullest house-party that ever was weighted with superfluous girls!"

Her husband replied mildly that he didn't see how the Honourable Aubrey—it was in moments of irritation that he flung the lad's rank in his teeth!—could manage to make an honest living out of his golf, his waltzing, and his popularity among a lot of idle fools.

"Oh, don't you? Well, but I have just thought out a scheme," retorted his wife triumphantly, "whereby, in your odious City jargon, Aubrey can 'make quite a good thing out of 'em.'"

"Really. To which of the heiresses are you about to marry him?"

"One *mésalliance* in a family is quite enough," she declared teasingly. "I would not sacrifice my brother. Besides, he never seems to like any of the girls who are rich; says they're correspondingly unattractive. So I've invented a new profession for Aubrey. He must set up as a pace-maker."

"What, to racers in flying-machines?"

"No. To 'laggards in love.'"

"Explain yourself."

"Well," began his wife, "suppose a girl knows that some particular man admires her; suppose she *doesn't* know whether he's merely flirting or whether he really wants to marry her. Suppose this girl is desperately fond of this particular man——"

"I suppose," put in her husband, "that you mean McPherson. And my cousin May—poor little soul!"

"I'm citing an abstract case," she protested. "Suppose the man continues admiring her, continues to say and look things that may mean everything—or nothing. He doesn't propose. What is the obvious course for that girl to pursue? Why, she introduces another man into the affair. She flirts; plays *him* off against the first man. He, wounded in his sense of proprietorship, proposes before he can think twice about it."

"Not always?"

"In nine cases out of ten. Often enough a girl's life-happiness is wrecked by the failure of the other man to appear at the critical

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moment. Think what dozens of girls would give their ears to flaunt a presentable rival in the face of some lover who's too selfish or too lazy or too timid to propose without the spur of jealousy. The other man, the handsome, possible, and dangerous rival, what a demand there is for him—for a man like Aubrey, for instance, a heart-whole and consummate flirt; tactful, quick-witted. The idea ought to be made into a limited company, paying good dividends, too," she wound up. "How much do you suppose your good-natured old uncle—May's father—would give my brother Aubrey to see May happily married to that suet-pudding of a Scotsman?"

"My dear girl!" remonstrated her startled husband. "You can't mean——"

"Yes, I can. I do! I mean to make Aubrey take the job—'on a business footing!' See how the iron of living in a commercial set has entered into my soul. But your uncle is an old dear, even if he did make his money in soap. I am now going to write him a lovely letter."

She did. She possessed a facile pen, a pretty, persuasive turn to her phrases. What she wrote covered several sheets of the largest note-paper, and it brought back the consent of May's father (who would, if he could, have bought up the very moon out of the sky as a crescent for May's hair) to sign an agreement concerning a handsome cheque to be paid to "the Honourable Aubrey's" account on the occasion of May's marriage to Mr. Sandy McPherson.

His sister had more trouble in coaxing her indolent Adonis of a brother to agree to this agreement.

At first he swore he would no such thing.

"Not even to do a poor little thing a good turn," suggested his sister, after much expounding of the doctrine of expediency. "Every nice boy who's anything of a sportsman, and who has any girl-friends at all, plays this game one time or another."

"Certainly," replied the Honourable Aubrey, "but if he's anything of a sportsman he only plays for love. Never for money."

"Oh, if you've a soul above money!"—retorted the wife of the self-made man rather impatiently. "I thought you wanted it pretty badly."

"I do," admitted Aubrey, his brow darkening. He had just remembered how much of it was required to pay off a debt lightheartedly incurred at bridge; a debt of honour. "But to hire oneself out to force another fellow's hand! The whole scheme seems so d——, so desperately undignified don't you know."

"M'm," she said, and looked at him steadily. "Few of our family can afford to be—choosers."

Whereupon the Honourable Aubrey's handsome boy's-face flushed scarlet. He was realising that few things were less "dignified" than the incurring of debts which one's relations by marriage were called upon to pay. And this last debt weighed heavily upon him.

"Well then," he conceded briefly. "Right."

Two days later he and his sister were guests at the house of May's father, where the phlegmatic McPherson had just invited himself down to spend the week-end.

* * * * *

In the hand—now about to be "forced"!—of Mr. Sandy McPherson, the "line of heart," as the palmists say, "was dominated by the line of head."

What heart he had rebelled when his head was turned northwards, to a certain castle in his native Perthshire, occupied now by an American oil king, who could have bought up May's father several times, and who had daughters.

McPherson's "line of head" inclined him to woo and win one of these fair Americans.

But which?

Glory, Virginia, and Sadie were co-heiresses.

Which of them was the least extravagant, the most likely to intrust frankly her share of her father's fortune to the good-looking Scotch landowner who seemed a favourite with all of them?

While he gave due consideration to this matter, there remained, as an amenity which appealed powerfully to his "line of heart" the society of pretty, English May.

Her house was within easy reach of his London rooms. It was comfortable. There were good golf-links near by; and the little thing adored him, he knew.

To do him justice, he did not know that his non-committal attentions had driven all the roses from her cheeks, and that she could neither sleep nor eat for pondering over the ancient problem: "Does he care? If he does, why doesn't he say so?"

May's big blue eyes "said so," for her part, till all the world might see.

"Could anything be more piteous, more impolitic than the way that child shows her hand?" was the comment of her cousin by marriage. "You to play, Aubrey."

"Right!" responded Aubrey, and he

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strode out to make a third on the golf-links with McPherson and May. At the sight of the slim, alert young man in the eminently becoming Norfolk suit, May's mouth drooped woefully. She had not been let into the secret of Aubrey's new profession. Why, oh, why was he coming to interrupt a *tête-à-tête?*

McPherson glowered.

"The Honourable Aubrey" smiled pleasantly. (He had the kind of smile which makes many friends.) He then took May's clubs. He made the tee for her, praised her "style," hypnotised her into achieving two quite respectable drives, and encouraged her

"I'll be better this afternoon," growled McPherson.

But that afternoon he found to his amazement that his only companion upon the links was to be Aubrey's sister.

"I wanted my brother and little Miss May to make up a foursome with us," she remarked. "But I find he's whisked off mademoiselle for a long spin in the new motor, without a with-your-leave or by-your-leave. The dear boy has *such* a young Lochinvar sort of 'way with him,' you know!"

McPherson was fated to become even better acquainted with that "way" of Aubrey's.

The motorists did not reappear until

**"I'm always in bad forrrrm," explained the record-holder, "when I play with people I do not know well."**

generally into a state of mind so uplifted that she even ventured upon a tiny joke aimed at the silence of their companion!

McPherson played golf according to a scientifically deadly and elaborate method.

Aubrey, who possessed an off-hand, breezy, you-be-dashed style of treating the ball, beat the Scotsman by eight holes up.

"Fancy, oh, *fancy!*" breathed May awe-struck. "And Mr. McPherson holds the record here."

"I'm always in bad forrrrm," explained the record-holder, "when I play with people I do not know well." A vicious glance provoked a smile from the new champion.

dinner-time, when May came down in a new and very frivolous-looking pink frock, to be taken in by Aubrey.

After dinner he—McPherson—would give May his opinion of the fellow.

After dinner he found that the fellow had swept May off to the further drawing-room, to play his accompaniments while he sang. The puppy!

He sang something about "lips so red!" and "eyes so blue!" and "kisses," and "soft curls of sunny hue," until Sandy McPherson was fairly sickened by the sentimentality of it, and said so in a loud aside.

May, who had thought the words were

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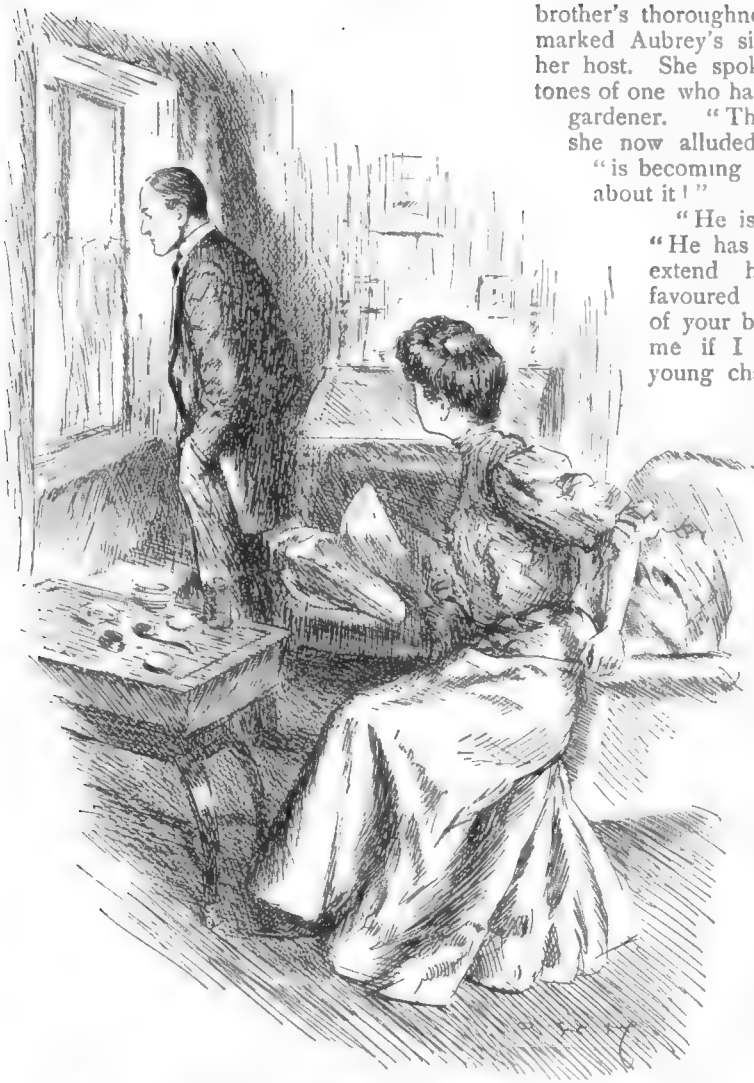

"Where to?" she asked frightened. "Oh, Aubrey! what will you do?"

"lovely," threw a timid glance towards the scoffer, and half rose from the piano. But Aubrey checked the move by setting before her a rousing soldiers' chorus, while he sang with such spirit as to give delight to everybody in the room—except to McPherson, who retired savagely into the furthest corner of it. He was feeling that the satisfaction of owning a third of the oil king's wealth would be less to him than the satisfaction of showing that penniless young fop how utterly futile were his endeavours to divert the affections of May!

* * * * *

"I'm so glad you are pleased with my brother's thoroughness and efficiency," remarked Aubrey's sister, some days later, to her host. She spoke in the matter-of-fact tones of one who has recommended a good gardener. "That wooden image"—she now alluded to Mr. McPherson—"is becoming uneasy, distinctly uneasy about it!"

"He is," agreed May's father. "He has asked to be allowed to extend his visit, and he has favoured me with all he knows of your brother's history. Asked me if I was aware that 'that young chap' had absolutely no expectations. I said I was in a position to contradict that statement, and it upset him considerably. He asked me no more, but went off in a hurry to the billiard-room, where *they* were. It's a pity the little lass has set her heart on such a—— Never mind! So long as she's pleased——"

He went out sighing. Aubrey's sister echoed the sigh with one of deep satisfaction. The successful finish of this affair meant that the professional rival would be set on his feet, free of debt, for six months. Already she was planning the scene of his next employment, when the door of the morning-room flew open, and her brother burst in tempestuously.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed at the sight of his face. "Have you cut the billiard-table cloth, or—— What's the matter?"

"I am going away," he told her. "That's all. I've finished the job I came for. I've pulled off May's marriage for her. Now I'm off. Good-bye."

"Why—what? cried his sister, clutching his sleeve. "'Pulled off May's marriage'? How did it happen at the finish?"

"We were in the billiard-room. She doesn't know how to hold a cue properly. I was teaching her—putting her hand right for

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her, you know, when that lout of a Scotsman blundered in as though the police were after him—(pity they aren't!)" said Aubrey, "and made us jump!"

"While you were holding her hand? Good! How cleverly you managed, dear old boy," murmured his sister. "You've luck as well as skill, though."

"Luck! 'Well,' he said to May, 'aren't ye coming out on the links this afternoon?' (A vicious mimicry of McPherson's accent.) Of course I butted in and said 'Just wait until Miss May finishes her lesson. There's half-an-hour more of it to run. And—excuse me, but I think a looker-on makes her nervous.'"

"Well played. And then?"

"He said: 'Then I think, if ye'll forgive me, I'll—rrelieve ye of the rresponsabeelity. I'd like half-an-hour's quiet talk with Miss May,' said he, turning to her. 'Don't put me off this time. It's about something imporrrtant—most imporrrtant.' I saw—anyone could see!—that the brute had brought himself up to the scratch at last. So I bolted. That's all. There's a train up at 4.15, isn't there?"

"Yes, but why go?" she responded. "The old man likes you awfully. He's been murmuring things about getting you work you *could* do in his business. Anyhow—stay and watch the happiness of the two young——"

"No, thank you." Aubrey cut her short with a laugh and a look upon his face which were, to his sister, those of a stranger. "Not I!"

She stared at him for a moment. Then the truth flashed upon her.

"*Aubrey!*—oh, my poor, dear old boy!" she cried remorsefully. "D'you mean—d'you mean you've fallen in love with her yourself? You *weren't*—acting all the time then? *Oh!*"

"Acting," he repeated bitterly. "I'm well paid out for all the acting there was in it. It was all over for me after the first time we played golf together. I wish to Heaven I'd swapped outfits with the nearest crossing-sweeper before I took on this business. No, I don't. I've had one perfect week, and I've got *her* what she wanted anyhow. Say good-bye to her for me, will you? I can't. And I'm off—for *good*—this time."

"Where to?" she asked frightened. "Oh, Aubrey! what will you do?"

"Nothing you need be ashamed of, old girl," he told her, setting his jaw. "Knowing—her has made me so sick and ashamed of myself I can't go on with any of the old racket again. I shall be able to work now, seeing I don't want to play again. I shall go abroad. Join Jimmy in Canada, if he'll have me. If not, I'll get something else—something—anything—that's a *man's* job."

And he was gone.

* * * * *

It was in the midst of his sister's tearful explanation to May's father, in his study, that the origin of all the mischief put her curly head in at the door.

"Ah, come in, lass," said the old soap-merchant rather heavily. "Come and let's give you joy. Where's What's-his-name, McPherson?"

"He's gone," May said shamefacedly. "He went off in a great hurry; very angry."

"What?" roared her father.

Two octaves higher Aubrey's sister shrieked: "*What?*"

"He was awfully angry because I—I don't want to marry him!" explained May trembling. "He said I was all kinds of a flirt, and that I'd encouraged him to think I cared for him, and then when I told him one often made—made mistakes in one's first feelings towards people, he told me I ought to have been sure of my feelings before he came down this time, instead of leading him on so that he hadn't even troubled to get a cheap return ticket! And he's going to catch the 4.15."

"The 4.15!" echoed the elder woman faintly. "Then he'll be travelling up with Aubrey!"

"Aubrey!" cried the girl sharply. And there was no mistaking the give-away anguish of the tone in which she added: "*Oh, has Aubrey gone away?*"

One brief, significant glance passed between Aubrey's sister and May's father.

Then the father brought his hand down on the electric bell.

"Drive like mad to the station," he ordered the man who answered the summons, "and bring Mr. Aubrey back—home."

Thus ended "the Honourable Aubrey's" first and last engagement as—A Pace-maker!

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# PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

*The Editor is Always Pleased to Pay Liberally for Pictures Suitable for Use in These Pages. Photographs Should be Accompanied by a Short Description.*

*Photo* *W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.*

Two giant snails in residence at the Zoo. Comparison with the penny will show their enormous size.

## GIANT SNAILS.

RECENTLY the Zoological Gardens were enriched by the advent of some snails.

They were not the common specimens that are found by the amateur gardener when he is indulging in his favourite hobby, but a very large variety of the snail family.

This is clearly shown when the snails are compared with a penny.

The coin in question is about $1\frac{3}{5}$ inches in diameter, and as these snails are almost twice the height of a penny, they are very nearly $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches high.

No specimens of the giant snail have ever before been seen at the Zoo, and naturally they have attracted a great deal of attention since their arrival.

Amusing and very unscientific comments are frequently made by the visitors who go to see them, and naturally some original criticisms come from the crowd of sight-seers.

"Oh, mamma, what *lovely* large winkles," was the outspoken comment of a little girl.

## AN OX FARRIERY.

IN some parts of the Pacific North-west, ox-teams are used for hauling logs, and the oxen are shod to prevent their slipping on the wet roads. The bulls are very troublesome to shoe, and have to be led into a strong framework of timber, underneath a beam, to which is attached a canvas sling.

This sling is placed round the bull, and by means of a winch the animal is raised a little off the ground. Each foot, except the one to be shod, is tied to the framework, and even then one man has often to hold the remaining leg while another adjusts the shoe.

When a Pacific North-west team ox is shod it has to be slung up like this, and each foot except the one being shod must be tied up. Otherwise damage is done.

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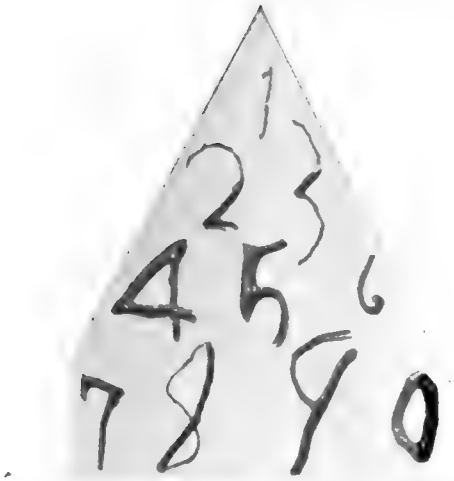


These figures, which grew exactly as they are, were cut from branches.

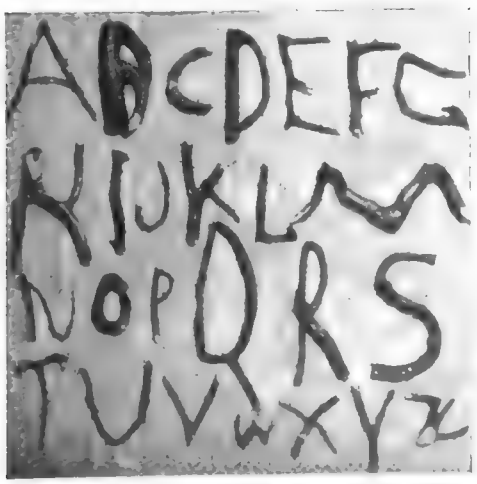
## A NATURAL ALPHABET AND FIGURES.

A CERTAIN naturalist has just completed a set of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, which he has gathered in one swamp from cedar roots and branches.

None of the letters have been bent or changed, but are as they grew.

This alphabet represents about five years' faithful search, but while looking for a missing letter the collector found numerous duplicates of others, so that he has sections of about half-a-dozen others.

A set of figures made by Nature was found by the same gentleman.



An alphabet, every letter of which grew into shape without any interference from a human being.

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

## A WEALTH OF CHESTNUTS.

NEAR the Shamokin Valley, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., Mr. Sober has the largest grove of cultivated chestnuts in the world.

Mr. Sober had four hundred acres of waste mountain land covered with trees, which moved him to despair.

In 1896 he cleared the land and cut down the trees. In 1898 chestnuts were grafted on to these trees, and ninety per cent. of them lived. A capable man ought to set two hundred and fifty scions in a day, so that the business is not one which requires much expenditure of time or labour.

The chestnuts when ripe sell at from £1 to £2 8s. per bushel, but even at 9s. a bushel they pay much better than wheat.

The relative food value is greater than that of other nuts, and greater than that of many cereals.

*Photo* *Union Bureau of News.*

A small portion of the harvest of Mr. Sober, a transatlantic chestnut grower.

One acre of ground grows thirty-five bushels of wheat per annum, but the same area of chestnut trees will produce many times more chestnuts yearly for an indefinite period, and with no outlay beyond the original expense of the scions and stocks.

Thus it may be seen that Mr. Sober has turned his four hundred acres of waste land into a very profitable business.

There is always a ready sale for the nuts. They are the chief article of food among the French, Spanish, Italian, and Turkish peasants, although an English working man would probably refuse to eat them. They are extremely palatable if properly cooked, and may be ground into flour and made into bread. Soups and puddings can also be prepared with chestnuts, while as *marrons glacés* they are familiar to the fair and ornamental sex.



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This building is a large flour store situated at Tunis. It was built on sand, and shifted into this position immediately it was completed.

## A HOUSE BUILT ON SAND.

Most of us are familiar with the parable of the man who built a house on sand. Here is a practical illustration of the result of such architecture.

The horrible example in question is situated near the gates of Tunis, and is used as a flour store. The soil on which it is built is of a sandy nature, and as soon as the building was completed it tilted over.

Of course, there is a possibility that the structure may collapse, and so French engineers are endeavouring to rectify the evil, and make the building stand erect once more.

In the meantime, strangers and sojourners seeing the edifice for the first time wonder how it got into its lopsided condition, and inquire anxiously if an earthquake was responsible for the damage, and if so, whether a seismic disturbance is likely to occur in the near future. However, the true history of the matter quickly reassures them, and they go away laughing at the foolishness of the builder.

Even if the engineers are successful in straightening the building, its constructor will always be something of a laughing-stock.

## A CURIOUS IDOL.

This curious idol is situated in the jungle a few miles south of Calcutta, and has been erected at the base of a tree in honour of a spirit who is believed to dwell there. The tree is really made up of three trees grown into one, the trinity being composed of a peepul, a tamarind, and a palm tree.

The general belief among the small community living in the vicinity is that a demon resides in the tree, and that calamity would fall upon them if worship were omitted and offerings were not made at proper seasons.

The idol is made of earthenware, and is painted in vermilion and black upon a white ground. Fragments of idols are seen lying around, and the present one would be replaced should storm or accident injure it.

A large white snake, hoary with age, which inhabits the tree, is believed to be the demon's familiar, and is treated by the natives with respect.

An idol erected at the base of a tree in honour of the spirit supposed to dwell in the tree. Both tree and idol are a few miles south of Calcutta.

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**A RUBBER-NECKED MAN.**

THIS man has the gift, which may or may not add to his happiness, of being able to turn his head round so that his face appears where the back of the average person's head would be.

This peculiarity must, naturally, be of great service to him when inspecting painted ceilings, the architectural beauties of tall buildings, and similar objects, since the elasticity of his neck would prevent the neckache usually attendant upon these forms of enjoying oneself.

It also, no doubt, enables him to give a nasty shock to people who tread on his heels when he is waiting in a queue at a railway booking-office or outside a theatre. They would be not a little astonished to see their victim turn his head right round and lodge a complaint.

He recently demonstrated the remarkable capacities of his neck at the Walhalla Theatre, Berlin.

This man, who gave a performance recently at the Walhalla Theatre, Berlin, can twist his neck so that his face appears as above.

Rapturous applause greeted his efforts to amuse the audience, and he scored an immense success.

**HUGE KAFFIR ASSEMBLY.**

THIS assembly of Kaffirs for the performance of a war-dance was a magnificent and imposing sight. Notice the local police to the left of the picture.

There is always a certain element of risk connected with these ceremonies, as no one can say when the feelings of the congregation may prove too much for them, and cause them to indulge in assault and battery with intent to do grievous bodily harm.

In cases when the assemblage does break loose, it is as well for spectators to get out of the way.

Notwithstanding the numerous native wars which have occurred, there are still many natives left in South Africa.

The black inhabitants of Cape Colony, Basutoland, Natal, Zululand, Amatongaland, Bechuanaland, Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, Swazieland, Rhodesia, Nyassaland, and the neighbouring territories are estimated at about 5,700,000, while the total whites number about 1,250,000. Thus a native rising is a very serious thing for Europeans.

A great assembly of Kaffirs about to commence a war-dance.

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# The Holy of Holies.

*How an Old Man Escaped from the Cares of his Wealth, and the Result.*

By Chris Sewell.

The guests — two hundred all told — had departed.

The great reception salon—nicknamed by envious ones "the Throne Room"—looked immense in its emptiness.

Sara Bisgrove (baptismally Sarah, but that was easily remedied when she began to aspire) stood with one slender arm resting on the massive marble mantel-shelf; the other, dangling gracefully, showed at the wrist the glitter of such sapphires as no one but a Crœsus could do aught but covet.

Her head, coiffured by a Parisian paragon, was slightly bent; her brow, massaged daily by an expert, was distorted with a pucker.

Sara Bisgrove drawled slightly to disguise what in very early days had been a somewhat uncompromising provincialism of accent.

"Wass," she said, addressing her only brother, though not looking at him, "I think you ought to know something—something that has been the most inexpressible, paralysing shock to me."

Miss Bisgrove chose her words well nowadays—she had not had an expensive education for nothing.

Her brother—a captain in a crack regiment—lapped in every luxury save pedigree, lit a cigarette and took two small pulls at it.

"Well?" he said.

"This evening's been a success, hasn't it?"

"Immense, I should say."

Wass Bisgrove smiled; he had glowing recollections of the tender pressure given him at parting by a small, gloved hand. The hand belonged to the daughter of an impecunious nobleman.

"Has it ever struck you that Pa (Miss Bisgrove only said 'my father' in company) is the wealthiest commoner in the world?"

"No—is he?" Her brother smiled again, and looked distinctly interested. The pucker on his sister's brow deepened.

"So Lady Minnowe said to-night—you know how shrill her voice is. I slipped into the conservatory to look for my fan. She was talking to Sir Michael Archer behind that big clump of palms. I couldn't help hearing what she said. She was obviously talking of Pa, and she called him 'the old man' and laughed a good deal—she's an American, you know, and her style is rather —florid."

"Why did it annoy you?" asked her brother, apparently surprised. "Everyone calls him 'the old man' or 'the old bounder.'"

"Oh, it wasn't what she *called* him," his sister said; "it was because she added that it was common talk that the collieries were only a blind, and that Pa had amassed his

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wealth in very doubtful ways—that he ought to be between four walls, if right was right."

Wass started up, his honest, rather ugly face, crimson.

"Confound her!" he cried; "she's the most mischievous woman in London. Father's not got brains enough to be a charlatan."

"So I thought," said his sister coolly; "but she added something about 'counterfeit coins.' Wass—that kind of people, whether they are scandal-mongers or not, always have *some* foundation for their gossip, and——"

"And what?"

Wass had forgotten his cigarette, which had gone grey at the tip. He turned towards his sister with a scowl.

"It came upon me as a sort of horrid conviction," she whispered. "That private room of Pa's—up in the turret—where no one, not even a servant, may penetrate. Why does he want it—what's it for?"

"Oh! hang it all," cried Wass sharply, "a man—and particularly an old one—may have his little eccentricities, I suppose—if to want a bit of privacy now and then can be called eccentric."

"It isn't *that*," she said, moving restlessly, "it's the fact that he keeps the key—that since he built this house not a single soul has set foot in that place. What does he keep there?"

"Oh! I'm bothered if I know," said her brother irritably.

"He's no hobbies."

"No, I suppose he hasn't."

"He's got everything he wants, surely. We're—we're very good to him on the whole. Of course, we couldn't let him appear at functions of this kind. He'd have asked Lord Blistonhaugh whether it wasn't 'stinking 'ot,' and if anyone had been kind to him, and had noticed him much, goodness knows *what* solecisms he might have committed! He's far happier—in the background."

"Yes, of course, he's quite impossible," her brother agreed slowly; "but I can't believe he's anything else—poor old boy!"

Sara left the mantel-shelf and came a step forward—her sheeny draperies flashed in the firelight.

She prided herself on her strength of mind and the cleverness with which she had steered her brother's less steady barque into the delectable waters of high life.

"I'm going to find out," she said. "Think, if anything *is* wrong, what would the *exposé* be? I was never one to live in a fool's paradise, Wass."

"How will you do it?" he asked nervously.

"I'm going up to the turret now," she said firmly. "I couldn't sleep with this on my mind. I'm going to scream outside the door. If he's taken by surprise and frightened he may open it, and once inside I can judge for myself for what purpose he wishes to shut himself up. However careful he is, startled like that suddenly—we must find something incriminating—something that will tell us if Lady Minnowe has a shadow of right on her side or not."

Wass Bisgrove looked morose and ill at ease.

"Isn't it a bit caddish, taking into consideration all the poor old governor's done for us—all he's given us—even to *suspect* him like this?" he said uncomfortably.

But his sister had ruled him from his petticoat days; she ruled him now.

"Nonsense!" she said. "It's no good fencing with suspicion. If this report has got afloat, London will ring with it in a few days, and then where will you and I be?"

* * * * *

The last sleepy footman had retired to bed. Miss Bisgrove had dismissed him. The maid who waited her appearance in the sumptuous bedroom she occupied she dismissed also. She had some business to talk over with Mr. Bisgrove, she said. None of the retainers guessed what form that "business" was to take.

The servants at Scroolby had a sneaking affection for the little, plebeian old man, who dressed so grandly and formed such a distant perspective to his cultured children. They were sorry for him, too, for Miss Sara ruled him with a rod of iron, and he was dreadfully ill at ease in the smart dinner-jacket she made him assume every evening. He was positively frightened of the condescending butler, whose grammar and general bearing were so infinitely superior to his own. Miss Sara was wont to worry him up to any hour of the night. So the staff retired to bed, weary and unsuspicious.

Miss Bisgrove made her way rapidly up richly carpeted stairs and along spacious corridors, switching on the electric light as she went, till she reached the little room of mystery in the turret. She signalled to her brother to step softly as they neared their goal, and he, grumbling beneath his breath, obeyed.

Outside the door they stopped to listen.

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**"Pa! For Heaven's sake open your door! Something terrible has happened!"**

At first all was silence; then a curious spluttering sound fell on their ears—a strange, unholy crackling and hissing. At intervals the voice of the "Golden Collier" (as he was called) could be heard raised in speech, though the actual words did not penetrate the thick door.

Sara Bisgrove, whose manner was at all times a trifle over-dramatic, laid one be-ringed hand upon her richly-embroidered corsage, as though to still the beating of an outraged heart.

Her rather fine eyebrows went up—her lips moved as if in protesting prayer.

In her mind's eye she saw her low-born father in the fashionable clothes which never suited him, bending over moulds and dishes, stamping, paring, polishing—in short, practising all the intricacies of his nefarious trade. Yes, of course, Lady Minnowe was right! What blind, easily-gulled fools they had been—she and Wass!

Old Peter Bisgrove had thrown coal-dust, so to speak, in the eyes of Society, and it was now only left to his daughter to learn the horrible truth.

She made a sign to her brother, who stood under a cluster of electric lights, looking pale and troubled.

"Pa!" she shrieked, with a sudden histrionic vehemence which had made her much sought after as a promising amateur actress in quite select circles, "Pa! For Heaven's sake open your door! Something terrible has happened!"

Her words leapt quivering and shrill into the room—she hammered at the door to enforce them.

Terrified and bewildered, the "Golden Collier," as his daughter had anticipated, forgetting all else—save a paralysing fear that his house was burning under him—leapt clumsily to obey her.

In another instant she and her brother were inside the chamber of Bluebeard. But though Miss Bisgrove stood in the entry with clasped hands and wide eyes, the very picture of the tragic Muse, there was nothing in the room itself to suggest anything with even a flavour of tragedy or iniquity about it.

"What is it, Sally—what is it, lass?" demanded Mr. Bisgrove breathlessly, as he seized his daughter's arm, crushing the priceless bracelet into the white flesh in his agitation.

Suddenly he let it go, and retreated a step or two.

"Lor' bless my soul, don't look at me like that! I forgot—I'm—I'm not quite up to your style to-night," he faltered.

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But Sara, without speaking, continued to gaze at her father, and from him to the surroundings, which were exactly in keeping with him.

Peter Bisgrove, millionaire, with his dinner-jacket and diamond solitaire, had disappeared. In his stead reigned Peter Bisgrove, collier—pure and simple. His bare throat, his toil-stained clothes—even to the odorous shag in his short clay pipe—all spoke of ten—fifteen years ago. His children had moved Heaven and earth to forget that time.

The room—goodness knows at what pains!—he had transformed into the living apartment of a typical collier's cottage. On the red fire a chop was grilling. The only touch of luxury in the apartment was a full-sized oil-painting which hung over the mantel-shelf—the painting of a plump, motherly cottage woman in the prime of life, dressed in her Sunday bonnet and shawl. Years ago she had been Peter Bisgrove's wife. His sudden leap into affluence had been synchronous with her death.

With his brown hand unconsciously going out again towards his daughter's arm, he waited impatiently for the shock that was to come; but for once his daughter was beyond speech, and it was left to his son to say awkwardly:

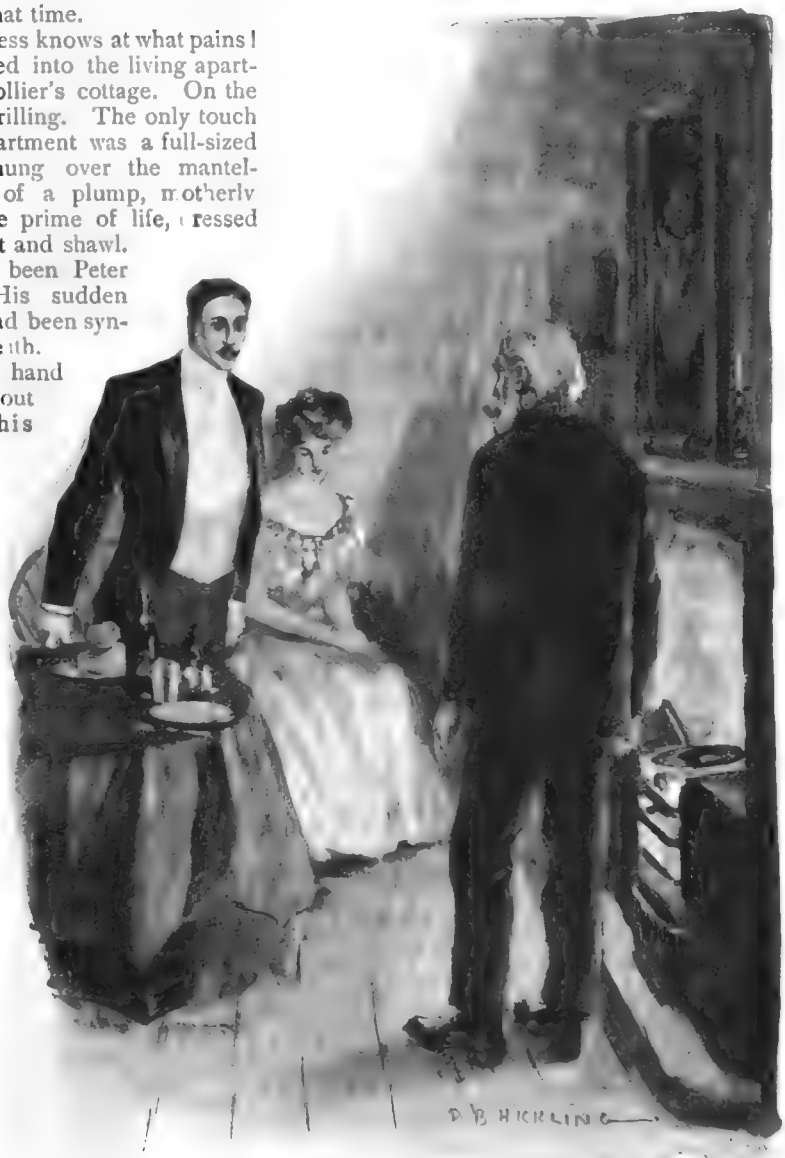
"It's all right, governor—just a joke you know, to surprise you in your sanctum, and find out what secrets you hide. Ha! Ha!"

Bisgrove *père* did not echo the laugh. He looked all at once very stern, and almost tall.

"So *that* was why you came!" he said slowly, "startling me out of life an' senses like that. It wasn't well done, lad. I don't trespass on *your* life now—you should have left me mine in peace. It hasn't done no sort of good, and now Sallie's pride will be hurt. It wasn't much I asked of you. Out of all this house just *one* room I could call my own."

"But, governor——"

"Oh! I know what you are a-going to say," the old man interrupted. "'Ow did I get it all together—this bit of my old 'appy



"By Heaven!" he cried, "they may say what they like. It is *you* who are the gentleman, sir, and we who are the snobs."

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life before the money came and killed my old girl, God bless her, and drove my children into a bright, glittering world far away from me. I just smuggled it in scrap by scrap—and that picture of her—I won't tell you what I gave one of your swell artists to paint that from the old photograph that maybe you've forgotten, and been glad to forget, of 'er, taken on a Bank 'Oliday. I climb up 'ere when I'm tired or a bit lonesome, and smoke and fry my chop—there it is frizzling away now—and talk to 'er"—he nodded his head towards the picture—"and try to imagine she's smiling at me, and that we're as happy as sandboys—that the money and the servants and the carriages and the 'eartaches are just so many bad dreams. . . . I was reading aloud to 'er as you came along a paragraph in the evening paper about a man in America they call the 'Coke King' who could buy *me* up, and *that's* saying a lot nowadays." He sighed. "Only he didn't go straight—took to counterfeiting coins an' such, and now 'e's got to pay the piper. . . . Well, perhaps if it hadn't been for the old woman, *I* shouldn't have gone straight—who knows? But she always said: 'Leave your children a good name, Peter; that 'ull mean more to them than all your money.'"

The old man stopped and looked wistfully from the face of his daughter to the face of his son.

"So, now you've found me out," he said, "by no will of mine; and what would your fine friends say, I wonder?"

Sara sat with bowed head and crimson cheeks. For the first time in her life she felt small and paltry, and insufferably mean.

Wass sprang to his feet. "By Heaven!" he cried, "they may say what they like. It is *you* who are the gentleman, sir, and we who are the snobs, and I beg your pardon and *her* pardon, too"—he nodded reverently towards the picture—"for this and many other things. Come, Sara!" He laid his hand roughly on his sister's arm, and drew her out.

And so Peter Bisgrove was left in his Holy of Holies.

# THE HERO.

**We talked of lions. "Ah!" I said,**
**"*I've* met one, face to face;**
**A mighty hungry lion too,**
**With large and lunch-like face."**

**"And you're alive to tell the tale?**
**How near would Leo be?"**
**My hearers asked. "About," I said,**
**"As near as you to me."**

**"So close as that? Oh! well, of course,**
**You had a loaded gun,**
**And shot the lion through the head?"**
**"Oh, no, I hadn't one!**

**"I simply stared him in the face**
**And showed no sign of fear;**
**And when he roared I stood my ground.**
**How is it I am here?**

**"Why is it that my well-picked bones**
**Aren't bleaching in the sun?**
**Why didn't Leo pounce on me**
**Like urchins on a bun?**

**"Well, something held that lion back**
**Despite his savage rage:**
**We met—er—well, in Regent's Park,**
**And he was in his cage!"**

**Reginald Rigby.**

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# Real Life Romances.

*The Editor Cordially Invites All Readers to Submit Accounts of Strange Adventures in Which They or Their Friends Have been Concerned. Contributions Should be Five Hundred Words in Length, and Must be Substantiated by Names and Dates, not for Publication, but as a Guarantee of Good Faith.*

## Snatched From Death.

**THE ROMANCE OF A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.**

ONE glorious summer's day about a year ago, a gentleman and his daughter, who were staying at a small seaside town in the South of Spain, set out for a walk, accompanied by a little Maltese terrier.

Their way lay across an expanse of grass on the top of some cliffs, against whose base the sea broke continually, making a pleasant suggestion of coolness on a hot day. The daughter, who was a young, high-spirited girl, ran on in front, with the terrier barking gaily at her heels, leaving her father to follow a short distance behind.

Suddenly, before either she or her father could do anything to avert the approaching danger, a cow, recently separated from her calf, and consequently dangerous to strangers, caught sight of the dog, and made a furious rush at it.

In another second she had disappeared with a piercing shriek over the brink.

The terrier quickly removed itself from the vicinity of the cow, but its mistress was not so fortunate. She appeared to be paralysed with terror, and for a few moments did absolutely nothing to save herself. Then, heedless of her father's warning cries, she fled from the pursuing cow straight towards the edge of the cliff.

In another second she had disappeared with a piercing shriek over the brink.

Her unhappy father turned sick with horror as he sped, with the energy of despair, towards the verge of the cliffs.

How could he dare to face the terrible sight which would meet his eyes on looking over?

Suddenly his heart almost ceased to beat. Surely that was his daughter's voice which called to him in shaky, but reassuring tones?

Summoning up all his courage, he lay down on the springy turf and peered over. Instead of seeing his daughter's body tossed to and fro by the hungry waves, he beheld her supported by a gentleman!

The two were standing in a little garden made on the cliff-side some ten feet below, to which a path further along the top, and which neither father nor daughter had noticed, led.

In this garden a gentleman had been seated calmly reading, and enjoying the view over the sea. Startled suddenly by a scream, he had jumped up hastily, just in time to see a girl's body hurtling through the air towards him.

Fortunately he was able to catch her, and save her from a terrible fate.

The father and daughter were overcome with joy at the latter's fortunate escape from what might have been a horrible death.

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# A Speculation in Bouquets.

### A PARISIAN ROMANCE.

THIS story concerns a Russian Grand Duke, a leading Parisian actress, and a servant, valet to the aforementioned Grand Duke.

For a Grand Duke to be present at any theatre in Paris is not an everyday occurence. And Mademoiselle Mariquita, who was taking the leading part in a certain play, was by no means oblivious of the honour. Even if at times when she met the attentive gaze of the noble Duke her heart fluttered nervously, she felt that she herself called forth his attention for the most part.

Nor indeed was Mademoiselle Mariquita mistaken. For before the play had reached the third act, His Highness had decided to express his admiration for the leading actress in the shape of a bouquet. Such an act, the Grand Duke reflected, was incumbent on his high position.

So it came about that on the morrow the Grand Duke, having instructed his valet to buy a suitable bouquet, sent the man round to the house of Mademoiselle Mariquita.

"But, Mademoiselle, you are mistaken," exclaimed the Grand Duke suddenly, "I only sent you one bouquet."

"From the Grand Duke ——," announced the valet, as Mademoiselle, her heart palpitating with mingled pride and joy at the honour, received the bouquet from the servant, and noted the neat card attached to the ribbon.

On the morning following her next appearance, Mademoiselle received another bouquet from His Highness.

Mademoiselle's joy was unbounded. Her fame, she felt sure, would be carried even into Russia. And it was not without difficulty that she found suitable words for the valet to convey to his noble master her thanks.

If the Duke did not again appear at the theatre, it was evident that he had not forgotten its principal actress. Seldom a day passed for three weeks without his valet arriving at Mademoiselle's house and leaving a tastefully-arranged bouquet.

At last it occurred to Mademoiselle that it was her duty to call on the Grand Duke and convey to him personally her gratitude for the honour. So one afternoon she found herself timidly ushered into the presence of her noble patron.

"I am Mariquita," she said modestly.

The Grand Duke gazed at her long and attentively.

"I begin to recall your face," he remarked, while the actress started to pour out her thanks for the many bouquets that she had received. "But, mademoiselle, you are mistaken," exclaimed the Grand Duke suddenly, "I only sent you one bouquet."

"But Your Highness' valet brought them I am sure," insisted Mademoiselle Mariquita, "and each time he said the bouquet was from you."

The Grand Duke commanded his valet to appear.

"Have you taken this lady more than one bouquet?" His Highness asked sternly, and the man eyed the actress with evident consternation. For a minute the valet withstood the questioning of his master. Then he finally admitted that he had taken the actress many bouquets.

"When I bought the bouquet you ordered," the servant confessed in great confusion, "I paid two francs for it. Mademoiselle gave me five francs as a tip. And so——"

"And so," completed the Grand Duke, "and so you have been taking her many bouquets and making three francs profit on each."

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# A Texan Adventure.

### THE STORY OF A MOTHER'S COURAGE.

DANGERS more often than not arise at a time when one least expects them. And Mrs. Panches, the heroine of this story, had little thought of the peril that lay in store for her as with her two little children at her side she drove along the road leading from Lucas Ranch to Baloncia.

Half of the journey had already been accomplished when she heard several sharp barks. She glanced behind her, and, smiling, pointed out to her two little children the dogs that were following on their track.

Barking at frequent intervals the animals seemed intent on outpacing the buggy. The children laughed and clapped their hands excitedly at the race between the "little doggies" and the swift, high-stepping horse.

"There is more doggies now, mother," shrieked one of them delightedly. "I just saw two come out of the bushes."

Mrs. Panches cast a nervous glance at the thick underbush that lined the road on either side. Then her face paled as still another "doggy" leapt out and joined the yelping pack.

Crack—snap—a sharp howl of pain—and the foremost "dog" rolled from the horse's back.

A terrible dread fell on the mother's mind. She clutched the heavy whip and waited, hoping and praying that her sudden fear might not prove real.

Three of the "dogs" rushed suddenly past the buggy and leapt up at the horse's head. A cry of admiration burst from the children. But their mother's heart became as cold as ice.

Crack—snap—a sharp howl of pain—and the foremost "dog" rolled from the horse's back to the ground. Pale, but with her nerves steeled by the thought of her two helpless little children, Mrs. Panches had risen from the seat, and with her whip had struck down the wolf.

Snorting with fear the horse rushed madly forward. What if they should be overturned? Another horrible fear was added. In the buggy they were sheltered to a large extent from the fierce wolves.

The pack had closed on either side of them. Every minute their numbers seemed to be increasing. Now two fierce brown wolves sprang from the bush at the horse. Crack! spoke the whip—Crack! Crack! until the air seemed filled with continuous shooting.

For a long time the fight thus continued. Slowly but surely Mrs. Panches felt that her strength was waning. Her right arm and hand ached, and she wondered how much longer she would be able to maintain the unequal fight. But the sight of her children, now themselves fully alive to the danger, gave strength to her failing muscles.

Still, unless help came soon—— It seemed a year, but she knew that it could not have been more than an hour since first the wolves had attacked them.

Then a cry of joy broke from the mother's lips. A mail van had suddenly loomed up from behind a wooded bend in the road. She could see the driver raise a revolver from his side.

Three times the man fired, and at each shot a wolf rolled over. Then, barking their rage, the rest of the pack fled into the bush, whilst still trembling from her terrible adventure, but with a joyful heart, the mother drove on her way, after having expressed her heartfelt thanks to the mail van driver.

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# A Twenty-Pound Pike.

**THE ROMANCE OF A DAY'S FISHING.**

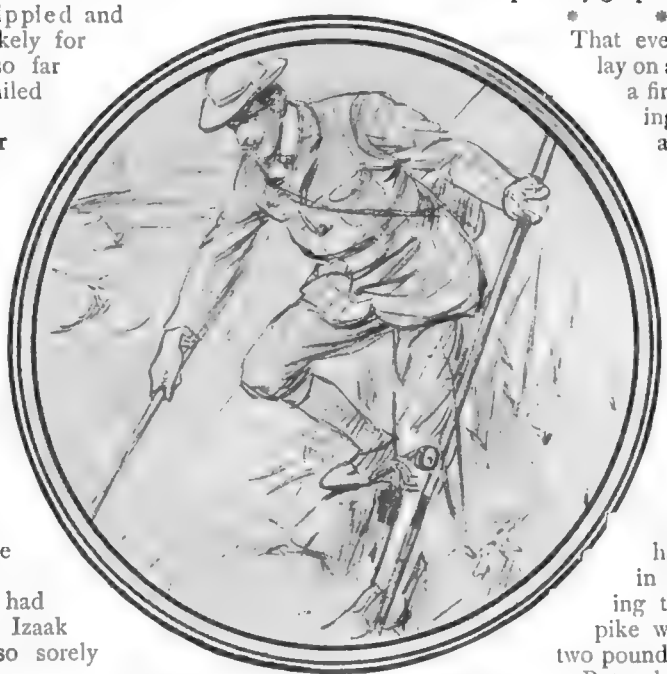
IRELAND claims this story, the scene of which was the river Nore, which flows near Craigue in County Carlow. The angler (for like the "fishiest" of fish stories this tale demands one) was a young man named Finn.

For several hours on a certain morning not long ago, Finn had been patiently watching his heavy float bobbing and sailing backwards and forwards at the will of the lively little roach three feet below. Fortune comes suddenly in fishing, and he had wandered along the banks of the Nore, casting his line in wherever the stream rippled and looked most likely for a race. But so far luck had not smiled on him.

Skilful angler as he was, he might have been the veriest tyro for all the success that attended his patient efforts.

As time went on he began to think that not a fish of any sort remained in the river.

Surely never had a disciple of Izaak Walton been so sorely tried!



With a quick movement the angler slipped his net beneath.

Then, suddenly, almost at the moment the little silver fish at the end of his line had struck the water, there came a mighty swirl. The reel screeched as the long, oiled line was dragged furiously away from it.

The angler's heart beat high with expectation. He checked the mad unwinding of his reel, feeling the mighty jerk on his stout rod with keen delight. Here was a prize worth fighting for. Now swiftly the pike tore down the stream, now it started towards the opposite bank, seeking to free itself from the sharp hooks that were imbedded in its gills.

Each ruse the angler met with cautious skill. Sometimes he let the reel run freely out; sometimes he wound in the line until not fifteen feet lay between his catch and the end of the rod. Thus for an hour they fought. A battle royal it was, between the man on the bank with the slender line and one of the gamest of fresh-water fish.

And bit by bit the angler triumphed. The fish tired, and at length allowed its great head to be drawn out of the water. Then with a quick movement the angler slipped his net beneath, and a moment later the huge pike lay gasping on the bank.

* * *

That evening the pike lay on a pair of scales, a fine fish, balancing the weights at thirty-two pounds.

But all that has been told is in no way beyond belief. Now comes the sequel.

Most anglers would consider that they could not possibly have better luck in one day's fishing than to land a pike weighing thirty-two pounds.

But a bigger piece of good fortune was now to follow.

When the pike was cut open, there fell out a rosary from inside. So strange a coincidence led to a more careful examination. A pocket handkerchief came next to light, and then a rubber tobacco-pouch. It was the last that contained the treasure. Within the pouch were discovered twenty sovereigns.

How so curious and valuable a collection of articles came to be inside the pike is a matter of surmise. But it is supposed that the fish must at some time have eaten the pocket of some unfortunate person who had been drowned.

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# THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

The chin as it should be.

## No. V.—THE WOMAN WITH THE DOUBLE CHIN.

By Augusta Prescott.

*There is No Doubt that the Double Chin is a Most Serious Blemish. In This Article Explicit Directions for its Cure are Given.*

The woman with the double chin should pause, look at herself in the glass, and bid farewell to every claim to good looks—at least so long as the double chin remains.

The double chin means age, it means stolidity, it means shapelessness, and it means almost everything else that is unattractive from a standpoint of pure beauty. The woman with the double chin *may* be good, but she is not beautiful.

Just how that double chin came into being it may be difficult to relate. There were tight collars; there were heavy luncheons; there were tired days spent on the sofa, and there was a general disregard of good looks. Besides these things, there were most likely positive sins of omission; days and days when not a single minute of hygienic exercise was taken. And so the double chin—at first but a tiny crease—arrived on the scene, and may in time form a treble or even a quadruple chin!

The woman with numerous chins will always present a curious appearance. At first sight she looks grotesque. Those chins give her mouth such an extremely odd appearance. But as you study the face you begin to see its real peculiarities. There is a set and settled expression. The mouth is without softness, the cheeks are shapeless, the eyes are sunken, and the skin is usually of that curious whiteness which bespeaks fat. The double chin is never, in any circumstances, pleasant to behold, and often it is positively repulsive.

Not long ago a very rich woman, the wife of a millionaire, went to a beauty doctor and said: "What can I do to improve my looks?"

"Get rid of three of your chins," growled the beauty doctor; "then come back to me and I will make you good-looking."

"But how shall I get rid of my chins?" she asked. "What can I do? My throat is big, my neck is fat, and my chin is naturally double. I do not know how to reduce it."

"Then I will tell you," said the beauty doctor, relenting a little. "Diet yourself. Let me prescribe you a diet that will reduce your neck and throat and give you a nice oval chin. Then, while you are dieting, be sure to use a skin-food upon your face, or your cheeks will grow flabby. And,

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The first of the chin exercises consists in lifting the chin as high as possible. Lift it and lower it for five minutes.

meanwhile, exercise your chin and apply wrinkle creams and bath lotions."

The woman thanked him, took his advice, and came back six weeks later, looking like a new woman. "I have followed your commands," said she. "Now I am ready for your beauty treatment."

"You need none," said the beauty expert. "My work is done. You are a beautiful woman. Continue the course, and you will remain beautiful for ever."

The woman did, and all the summer the society columns were filled with accounts of her social successes, coupled with words of praise for her wonderful good looks.

So much for the virtues of chin reduction.

The first move of a double-chinned woman is towards a dietary, which she should begin upon at once. She can eat as much as she wants to, but she must not touch anything that tends to fatten the chin. There are foods that actually puff out the neck, and bring about a most unbecoming state of affairs.

It is true that the fat woman does not always realise how fat her throat is, nor does she see her double chin as others see it. But if she will stop a few minutes, take stock of things, and see herself as she really is, then she will understand what a great blemish her double chin is to her, and how thoroughly she must go to work to reduce it.

Her first step is to look after her diet; her second is exercise; her third is massage, but this is only another kind of exercise; and her last step is a correction of wrong habits and mannerisms.

Exercising the throat and neck is quite a possible thing, but it is done in a very different way from exercise in general. It must be local; the local muscles must be trained and put in good condition.

The woman who is just starting to take neck exercise must begin by loosening the throats of her gowns. If her neck is tied up tightly, she cannot hope to reduce her chins. If they are snugly incased in folds of silk or linen, they get fatter and fatter, and heavier and heavier.

A woman's chin should naturally be oval. It should be egg-shaped at the apex, and there should be that soft, delicate roundness which is so attractive in the egg itself. A perfect chin must show that lovely oval line of beauty which one cannot help admiring wherever one sees it. There should be no squareness, no pointedness, nothing but the soft, delicate curve. This is the state which every woman should hope to attain, and which she can attain if she will have patience.

The first of the chin exercises—if one is

The other exercise is from side to side. Bend the head over until the ear almost rests upon the shoulder. Do this also for five minutes.

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really fat—consists in lifting the chin as high as possible. Lift it and lower it, lift and lower, and keep on doing this for five whole minutes. Do not overdo the matter, or you may develop a stiff neck. But exercise slowly and regularly, and at the end of five minutes stop.

At night take the other chin exercise, which is from side to side. Lean the head over as far as you can, first to one side, and then to the other. Bend the head until the ear almost rests upon the shoulder. Do this slowly for five whole minutes.

The beneficial results of this form of treatment will soon begin to show. The chin will grow softer and the flesh will begin to disappear—to be succeeded by hard, firm flesh, of the sort that comes to stay, and which is becoming and pretty.

Massage comes next in the development of a pretty chin. This is actually another form of exercise. It must be carried on in a certain way or it will lead from bad to worse. It must be the sort of massage which reduces, not the sort that develops.

Take your right hand, rub a very *little* bit of skin food into it, then slap your chin with the open palm, and keep on slapping it while you count ten.

**Pinching the chin and throat is sometimes good, particularly if the skin is dull and yellow.**

Massage to reduce must be swift and hard. Take your right hand and spread it out before you, rub a very *little* bit of skin food into it, then slap your chin with the open palm, and continue slapping while you count ten. Change hands, and slap the other side of your chin, still counting.

The second of the massage exercises consists of the tapping treatment. Take your finger-tips and slightly anoint them with skin food, and then tap your jaws. Tap them at the side, using all your force, and keep on tapping while you count five. This is to reduce the squareness, which is so disagreeable, and which marks the chin as being too material and commonplace.

A great mistake is often made in this matter of massage. It is done too lightly, and the result is only to build up and develop. You must tap with enough force to redden the skin, though you need not make

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it sore. Tap, tap, tap, and slap, slap, slap.

Pinching the chin and throat is sometimes good, particularly if the skin is dull and yellow, as it generally is in the case of a double-chinned woman. Do not pinch hard enough to mutilate the skin, but take it up in big, gentle pinches, and press it until the skin is stimulated. The electric-battery is very good for the same purpose. If you have one you can turn on the current and roll the skin with a tiny little electric roller.

In these days many families keep a tiny battery in the house for beauty's sake, and with its help wrinkles may be ironed out, flesh reduced, the chest built up, and many other useful things accomplished. But if one has no battery the same results can be obtained by working with the hands.

Always there must be a little skin food used. Otherwise the skin will become rough and red, and there is more harm than good accomplished by the massage and the manipulation.

The double chin is sometimes caused by certain bad habits. A woman will sit habitually with her face buried in her hands. This tends to make the chin grow bag-like and soft. Other women will sit and pull the flesh of the chin, or stroke it downwards, thus accentuating the tendency to double chin.

Carrying the head right helps to solve the double chin problem. Carry the head well lifted, with the tip of the chin pointing high. Don't point it out, and don't extend it, but simply lift it.

There are women who naturally carry the head well. Actresses almost universally do so, and among these Mrs. Langtry and Sarah Bernhardt and Miss Julia Marlowe are conspicuous examples.

"The lifted chin is always becoming to a woman," said a certain beauty lecturer, "and if women knew how much it added to their charms, they would not forget it. Teach a woman first how to lift her chin, and, secondly, how to keep it lifted, and you will have solved for her one of the knottiest of beauty's problems. The mere tilting back of the head will change a plain woman into a charming one."

Take your finger-tips and slightly anoint them with skin food, and then tap your jaws. Tap them at the side, using all your force, and keep on tapping while you count five.

Upon the toilet-stand of the woman who wants a pretty chin there should be a jar of skin food and a pot of wrinkle cream. And in her scrap book there should be the reduction dietary, for without all these she cannot hope to accomplish much along beauty's paths. But with these and a little patience she will certainly arrive at her goal.

The worshipper at Beauty's shrine must bring no tribute of divided allegiance. Only unremitting and patient care will effect an ideal state of good looks.

Which among you would be beautiful? Let her acquire patience.

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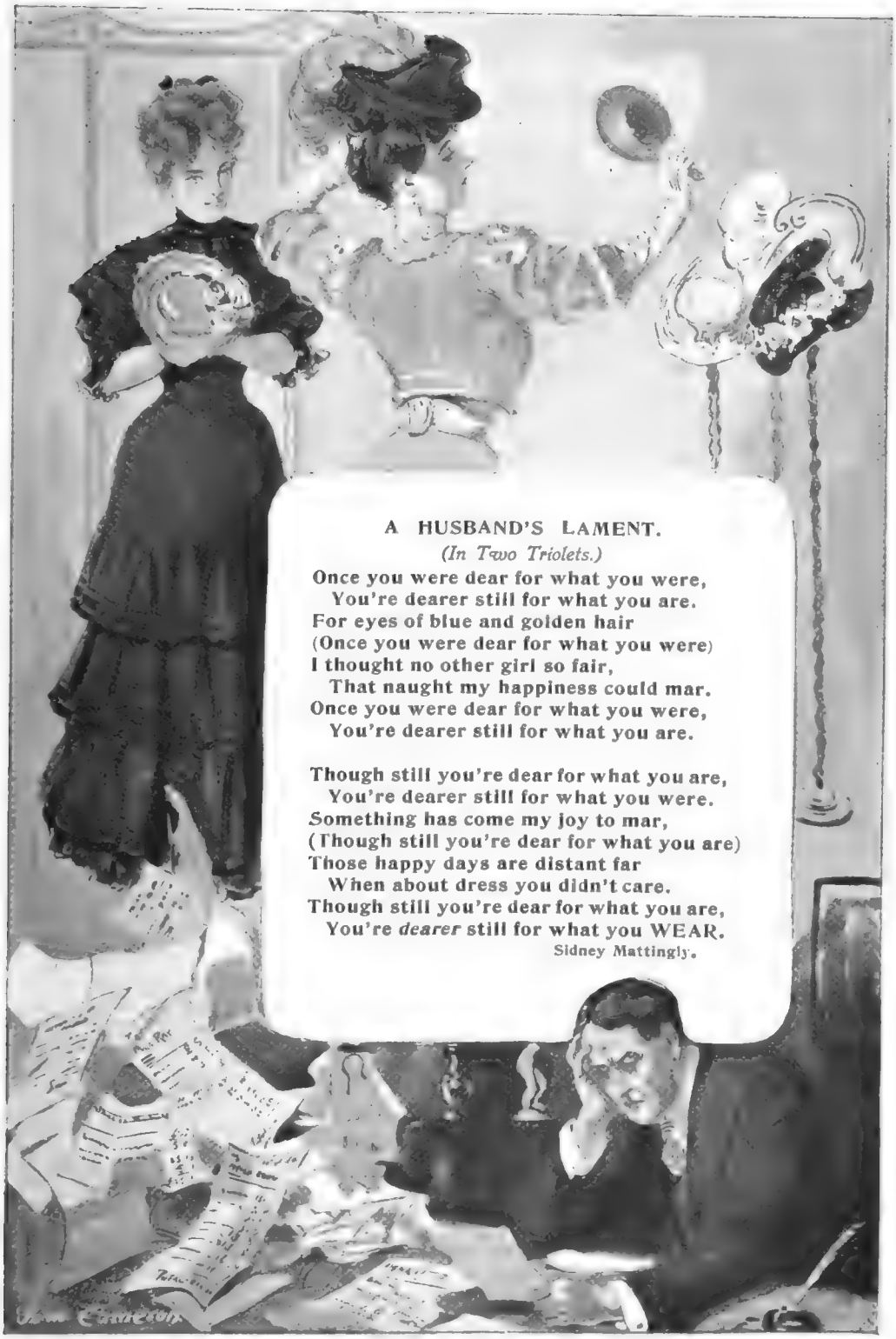

## A HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

*(In Two Triolets.)*

Once you were dear for what you were,
  You're dearer still for what you are.
For eyes of blue and golden hair
(Once you were dear for what you were)
I thought no other girl so fair,
  That naught my happiness could mar.
Once you were dear for what you were,
  You're dearer still for what you are.

Though still you're dear for what you are,
  You're dearer still for what you were.
Something has come my joy to mar,
(Though still you're dear for what you are)
Those happy days are distant far
  When about dress you didn't care.
Though still you're dear for what you are,
  You're *dearer* still for what you WEAR.

Sidney Mattingly.



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# THE QUESTS of PAUL BECK.

## No. V.—THE MURDER ON THE GOLF LINKS.

By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C.

*How the Great Detective Paul Beck Triumphs Again in the Face of Almost Insuperable Difficulties. A Complete Story.*

"Don't go in, don't! don't! please don't!"

The disobedient ball, regardless of her intreaties, crept slowly up the smooth green slope, paused irresolute on the ridge, and then trickled softly down into the hole; a wonderful "put."

Miss Mag Hazel knocked her ball impatiently away from the very edge. "Lost again on the last green," she cried petulantly. "You have abominable luck, Mr. Beck."

Mr. Beck smiled complacently. "Never denied it, Miss Hazel. Better be born lucky than clever is what I always say."

"But you are clever, too," said the girl repentantly. "I hear everyone say how clever you are."

"That's where my luck comes in."

He slung the girl's golf bag over a broad shoulder, and caught his own up in a big hand. "Come," he said, "you will be late for dinner, and every man in the hotel will curse me as the cause."

They were the last on the links. The Western sky was a sea of crimson and gold, in which floated a huge black cloud, shaped like a sea monster with the blazing sun in its jaws. The placid surface of the sea gave back the beauty of the sky, and in the clear, still air familiar objects took on a new beauty. Their way lay over the crisp velvet of the seaside turf, embroidered with wild flowers, to the Thornvale Hotel in the valley a mile away.

"How beautiful!" the girl whispered half to herself, and caught her breath with a queer little sigh.

Mr. Beck looked down and saw that the blue eyes were very bright with tears. She met his look and sighed a wan little smile.

"Lovely scenery always makes me sad," she explained feebly. Then after a second she added impulsively: "Mr. Beck, you and I are good friends, aren't we?"

"I hope so," said Mr. Beck gravely. "I can speak for myself anyway."

"Oh, I'm miserable! I must tell it to someone. I'm a miserable girl!"

"If I can help you in any way," said Mr. Beck stoutly, "you may count on me."

"I know I oughtn't to talk about such things, but I must, I cannot stop myself; then perhaps you could say a word to father; you and he are such good friends."

Mr. Beck knew there was a confession coming. In some curious way Mr. Beck attracted the most unlikely confidences. All sorts and conditions of people felt constrained to tell him secrets.

"It's this way," Miss Hazel went on. "Sit down there on that bank and listen. I'll be in lots of time for dinner, and anyhow I don't care. Father wants me to marry Mr. Samuel Hawkins, a horrible name and a horrible man. I didn't mind much at the time he first spoke of it. I was very young, you see; I lived in a French convent school until father came back from India, and then we lived in a cottage near a golf links. Oh! such a quiet golf links, and Mr. Hawkins came down to see us, and he first taught me how to play. I liked him because there was no one else. So when he asked me to marry him, and father wished it so much, I half-promised—that is, I really did promise, and

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we were engaged, and he gave me a ring, which I have here—in my purse."

Mr. Beck smiled benignly. The girl was very young and pretty and innocent—little more than a child, who had been playing at a make-believe engagement.

"How long is it since you changed your mind?" he asked.

"Well, I never really made it up to marry Mr. Hawkins. I only just agreed to become engaged. But about a week or ten days ago I found I could not go on with it."

"I see; that was about the time, was it not, that the young electrical engineer, Mr. Ryan, arrived?"

She flushed hotly.

"Oh! it's not that at all—how hateful you are! Mr. Ryan is nothing to me, nothing. Besides, he was most rude; called me a flirt, and said I led him on and never told him I was engaged. Now we don't even speak, and I'm so miserable. What shall I do?"

"Don't fret," said Mr. Beck cheerily; "it will come all right."

"Oh! but it cannot come all right. Father will be bitterly disappointed if I don't marry Mr. Hawkins. He's awfully rich, carries diamonds about loose in his waistcoat pocket. He has fifty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds getting brightened up in Amsterdam; that's where they put a polish on them, you know. He showed father the receipt for them mixed up with bank notes in his pocket-book. His friend, Mr. Bolton, who is in the same business, says Mr. Hawkins is a millionaire."

"And Mr. Ryan has only his brains and his profession," said Mr. Beck cynically.

"Now you are just horrid. I don't care twopence about Mr. Hawkins' diamonds or his millions. But I love father better than anyone else."

"Except?" suggested Mr. Beck maliciously.

"There is no exception—not one. You come second best yourself."

"Oh, do I? Then I will see if I cannot find some diamonds and cut out Mr. Hawkins. Meantime, let us get on to our dinner. You need not be in any hurry to break your heart. You are not going to marry Mr. Hawkins to-morrow or the day after. Something may happen to stop the marriage altogether. Come along."

Something did happen. What that awful something was neither Miss Hazel nor Mr. Beck dreamt of at the time.

It was the fussy half hour before dinner when they arrived at the veranda of the big Thornvale Hotel that had grown out of the Thornvale golf links. As Miss Mag Hazel passed through the throng every eye paid its tribute of admiration; she was by reason of her golf and good looks the acknowledged queen of the place.

A tall, handsome young fellow near the porch gave a pitiful look as she passed, the humble, appealing look in the eyes of a dog who has offended his master.

"How handsome he is; what beautiful black eyes he has!" her heart whispered, but her face was unconscious of his existence.

She evaded a small, dark man with a big, hooked nose who came forward eagerly to claim her. "Don't speak to me, Mr. Hawkins, don't look at me. I have not five minutes to dress for dinner."

A tall, thin man with a grey, drooping moustache stood close by her left in the central hall. To him she said: "I will be down in a minute, dad. I want you to take me in to dinner, mind. You are worth the whole lot of them put together."

Colonel Hazel's sallow cheek flushed with delight, for he loved his daughter with a love that was the best part of his life.

Big, good-humoured, smiling Tom Bolton, as the girl went in to dinner on her father's arm, whispered a word in the ear of his friend, Sam Hawkins, and the millionaire diamond merchant cast a scowling glance at handsome Ned Ryan, who gave him frown for frown with interest thereto.

At Thornvale Hotel the company lived, moved, and had their being in golf. They played golf all day on the links, and talked golf all the evening at the hotel. All the varied forms of golf lunacy were in evidence there. There was the fat, elderly lady who went round "for her figure," tapping the ball before her on the smooth ground, and throwing it or carrying it over the bunkers. There was the man who was always grumbling about his "blanked" luck, and who never played what he was pleased to think was his "true game."

There was the man who sang comic songs on the green, and the man whose nerves were strained like fiddle-strings and tingled at every stir or whisper, whom the flight of a butterfly put off his stroke. There was a veteran of eighty-five, who still played a steady game. He had once been a scratch man, and though the free, loose vigour of his "swing" was lost, his eye and arm had not forgotten the lesson of years. His favourite opponent was a boy of twelve, who swung loose and free as if he were a figure of india-rubber with no bones in his arms.

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Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Bolton were a perfect match with a level handicap of twelve; each believed that he could just beat the other, and the excitement of their incessant contests was intense.

But Miss Mag Hazel reigned undisputed queen of the links. None of the ladies, and only one or two of the men, could even "give her a game." Lissom as an ash sapling, every muscle in her body, from her shoulder to her ankle, took part in the graceful swing which, without effort, drove the ball further than a strong man could smite it by brute force. Her wrist was like a fine steel spring, as sensitive and as true.

Heretofore only one player disputed her supremacy — Mr. Beck, the famous detective, who was idling a month in the quiet hotel after an exciting and successful criminal hunt half-way round the world. Mr. Beck was, as he always proclaimed, a lucky player. If he never made a brilliant stroke, he never made a bad one, and kept wonderfully clear of the bunkers. The brilliant players found he had an irritating trick of plodding on steadily, and coming out a hole ahead at the end of the round.

He and Mag Hazel played constantly together until young Ned Ryan came on the scene. Ryan was a brilliant young fellow with muscles of whipcord and whalebone, whose drive was like a shot from a catapult. But he played a sporting game, and very often drove into the bunker which was meant to catch the second shot of a second-class player. Mag Hazel found it easier to hold her own against his brilliance than against the plodding pertinacity of Mr. Beck.

It may be that the impressionable young Irishman could not quite play his game when she was his opponent. He found it hard to obey the golfer's first commandment: "Keep your eye on the ball." He tried to play two games at the same time, and golf will have no divided allegiance.

The end of a happy fortnight came suddenly. It was a violent scene when, in a grassy bunker wide of the course, into which he had deliberately pulled his ball, he asked her to marry him, and learnt that she was engaged to the millionaire diamond merchant, Mr. Hawkins. Poor Ned Ryan, with Irish impetuosity, raved and stormed at her cruelty in leading him to love her, swore his life was barren for evermore, and even muttered some very mysterious, meaningless threats against the more fortunate Mr. Hawkins.

Tender-hearted Mag had been very meek and penitent while he raved and stormed, but he was not to be appeased by her meekness, and flung away from her in a rage.

But it was her turn to be implacable when he became penitent. All that evening he hovered round her like a blundering moth round a lamp, but she ignored him as completely as the lamp the moth, and shed the light of her smiles on Mr. Beck.

So those two foolish young people played the old game in the old, foolish fashion, and tormented themselves and each other. The two men concerned in the matter scowled at each other on the golf links and at the bridge table, to the intense amusement of the company, who understood how little golf or cards had to do with the quarrel.

At last Ned Ryan had an open row with Mr. Hawkins on the golf links, and told him, quite unnecessarily, he was no gentleman.

Then suddenly this light comedy deepened into sombre tragedy. The late breakfasters at the hotel were still at table when the thrilling, shocking news came to them that Mr. Hawkins had been found murdered on the links.

Perhaps it is more convenient to tell the dismal story in the order in which it was told in evidence at the coroner's inquest.

Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Bolton had arranged a round in the early morning before breakfast, when they would have the links to themselves. They had a glass of milk and a biscuit, and started off in good spirits, each boasting he was certain to win.

They started sometime between half past six and seven, and about an hour afterwards Mr. Bolton returned hastily, saying that he had forgotten an important letter he had to send by that morning's post, and that he had left Mr. Hawkins grumbling at having to finish his round alone. Mr. Bolton then went up to his own room, and five minutes later came back with a letter, which he carefully posted with his own hand just as the box was being cleared.

At half past seven Colonel Hazell, strolling across the links, specially noticed there were no players to be seen. Ned Ryan went out at a quarter to eight o'clock to have a round by himself, having first asked Mr. Bolton to join him. He had, as he stated, almost completed his round, when in the great, sandy bunker that guarded the seventeenth green, he found Mr. Hawkins stone dead.

He instantly gave the alarm, and Mr. Beck and Mr. Bolton were among the first on the scene. The detective, placid and imperturbable as ever, poked and pried about the body and the bunker where it lay. Mr. Bolton was

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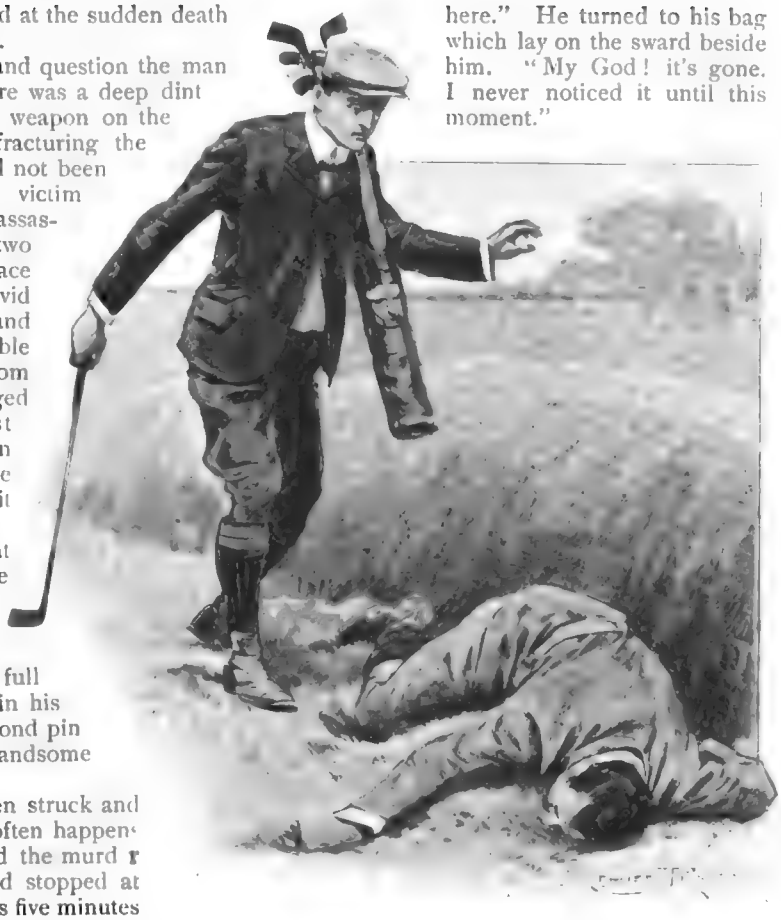
plainly broken-hearted at the sudden death of his life-long friend.

Beyond all doubt and question the man was murdered. There was a deep dint of some heavy, blunt weapon on the back of his head, fracturing the skull. But death had not been instantaneous. The victim had turned upon his assassin, for there were two other marks on his face—one an ugly, livid bruise on his cheek, and the other a deep, horrible gash on the temple from the same blunt-edged weapon. The last wound must have been instantly fatal. The weapon slew as it struck.

It was plain that robbery was not the motive of the crime. His heavy purse with a score of sovereigns, and his pocket-book full of bank notes were in his pockets, his fine diamond pin in his scarf, and his handsome watch in his fob.

The watch had been struck and smashed, and, as so often happens in such cases, it timed the murder to a moment. It had stopped at half-past eight. It was five minutes after nine when Mr. Ryan had given the alarm.



**He had, as he stated, almost completed his round, when in the great, sandy bunker that guarded the seventeenth green, he found Mr. Hawkins stone dead.**

While all the others looked on in open-eyed horror, incapable of thought or action, Mr. Beck's quick eyes found a corner of the bunker where the sand had been disturbed recently. Rooting with his hands as a dog digs at a rabbit burrow with his paws, he dug out a heavy niblick. The handle was snapped in two, and the sand that clung damply round the iron face left a dark crimson stain on the fingers that touched it.

No one then could doubt that the murderous weapon had been found.

Mr. Beck examined it a moment, and a frown gathered on his placid face. "This is Mr. Ryan's niblick," he said slowly.

The words sent a quiver of excitement through the crowd. All eyes turned instinctively to the face of the young Irishman, who flushed in sudden anger.

"It's a lie," he shouted, "my niblick is here." He turned to his bag which lay on the sward beside him. "My God! it's gone. I never noticed it until this moment."

"Yes, that is mine," he added, as Mr. Beck held out the blood-stained iron for inspection. "But I swear I never missed it till this moment."

Not a word more was said.

The crowd broke up into groups, each man whispering suspicions under his breath. The whisperers recalled the recent quarrel between the men, and in every trifling circumstance clear proof of guilt was found. Only Mr. Bolton stood out staunchly for the young Irishman, and professed his faith in his innocence.

Like a man in a dream Ned Ryan returned alone to the hotel, where an hour later he was arrested. On being searched after arrest a five-pound note with Hawkins' name on the back of it was found in his pocket, and his

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explanation that he had won it at golf provoked incredulous smiles and shrugs amongst the gossipers. Two days later a coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder against the young engineer.

There was a second sensation, in its way almost as exciting as the first, when it was found that the murdered man had willed the whole of his huge fortune unconditionally to Miss Margaret Hazel.

But the girl declared vehemently she would never touch a penny of it, never, until the real murderer was discovered. She had a stormy interview with Mr. Beck, whom she passionately charged with attempts to fix the guilt on an innocent man. She made no secret now of her love for the young Irishman, to the horror of the respectable and proper people at the hotel, who looked forward with cheerful assurance to her lover's execution.

But the distracted girl cared for none of those things. She poured the vials of her wrath on Mr. Beck.

"You pretended to be my friend," she said, "and then you did all in your power to hang the innocent man I love."

Mr. Beck was soothing and imperturbable. "Nothing of the kind, my dear young lady. It is always my pleasant duty to save the innocent and hang the guilty."

"Then why did you find out that niblick?"

"The more things that are found," said Mr. Beck, "the better for the innocent and the worse for the guilty."

"Oh! I'm not talking about that," she cried, with a bewildering change of front. "But here you are pottering about doing nothing instead of trying to save him. I will give you every penny poor Mr. Hawkins left me if you save him."

Mr. Beck smiled benignly at this magnificent offer. "Won't you two want something to live on?" he asked, "when I have saved him, and before he makes his fortune."

She let the question go by. "Then you will, you promise me you will!" she cried eagerly.

"I will try to assist the course of justice," he said, with formal gravity, but his eyes twinkled, and she took comfort therefrom.

"That's not what I want at all."

"You believe Mr. Ryan is innocent?" asked Mr. Beck.

"Of course I do. What a question!"

"If he is innocent I will try to save him—if not——"

"There is no 'if not.' Oh! I'm quite satisfied, and I thank you with all my heart."

She caught up the big, strong hand, and kissed it, and then collapsed on the sofa for a good cry, while Mr. Beck stole discreetly from the room and set out for a solitary stroll on the golf links, every yard of which he questioned with shrewd eyes.

He made one small discovery on the corner of the second green. He found a ball which had belonged to the murdered man. There was no doubt about the ownership. Mr. Hawkins had a small gold seal with his initial cut in it. This he used to heat with a match to brand his ball. The tiny black letters, "S.H.," were burnt through the white skin of the new "Professional" ball, which Mr. Beck found on the corner of the second green. He put the ball in his pocket, and said nothing about his find.

But about another curious discovery of his he was quite voluble that evening at dinner. He found, he said, a peculiar-looking waistcoat button in the bunker that guarded the second green. It seemed to him to have been torn violently from the garment, for a shred of the cloth still clung to it.

"If I had found it in the bunker where the murder was committed," said Mr. Beck, "I would have regarded it as a very important piece of evidence. Anyhow it may help. I will examine young Ryan's waistcoats to see if it fits any of them."

Then for a few days nothing happened, and excitement smouldered. People had no heart to play golf over the scene of the murder. The parties gradually dispersed and scattered homewards. Colonel Hazel, who had been completely broken up by the tragedy, was amongst the first to go.

Mag gave her address to Mr. Beck, with strict injunctions to wire the moment he had good news. "Remember, I trust you," were the last words she said as they parted at the hotel door.

Mr. Bolton and Mr. Beck were almost the two last to leave. The diamond merchant was disconsolate over the death of his old friend and comrade, and the detective did all in his power to comfort him.

One morning Mr. Bolton had a telegram which, as he explained to Mr. Beck, called him away on urgent business. He left that afternoon, and Mr. Beck went with him as far as Liverpool, when they parted, each on his respective business.

* * * * *

The next scene in the tragedy was staged in Holland.

Two men sat together alone in a first-class railway carriage that slid smoothly through a

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level landscape intersected with canals. They had put aside their papers, and talked and smoked. One of the men was plainly a German by his dress and manner—the other a Frenchman.

The Frenchman had tried vainly to stagger through a conversation in German and the German in French until they had found a common ground in English which both spoke well though with a strong foreign accent.

There had been an account of a big diamond robbery in the papers, and their talk drifted on to crimes and criminals of all countries—a topic with which the Frenchman seemed strangely familiar. He did most of the talking. The German sat back in his corner and grunted out a word or two of assent, to all appearance deeply interested in the talk. Now and again a silver flask passed between the two men, who grew momentarily more intimate.

"Herr Raphael," said the Frenchman, "I am glad to have met you. You have made the journey very pleasant for me. You are a man I feel I can trust. I am not, as I told you, Victor Grandeau, a French journalist. I am plain Mr. Paul Beck, an English detective, at your service."

With a single motion the shiny, sleek, black wig and the black moustache disappeared into a small handbag at his side. The whole character, and even the features of the face, seemed to change as suddenly, and the broad, bland, smiling face of our old friend Mr. Beck presented itself to the eyes of the astonished German, who shrank back in his corner of the seat in astonishment at the sudden revelation. But Mr. Beck quietly ignored his astonishment.

"As you seem interested in this kind of thing," he said, "I will tell you the story of one of the most curious cases I have ever had to deal with. You are the very first to hear the story. Indeed, it is so new that it hasn't yet got the right ending to it. Perhaps you have heard of the Thornvale murder in England? No! Then I'll begin at the beginning."

He began at the beginning and told the story clearly and vividly as it was told at the inquest. The German listened with most flattering interest and surprise.

"When I found that golf ball," Mr. Beck went on, "it gave me an idea. Do you know anything of golf?"

"I play a little," the other confessed.

"Then you will understand that from the place where I found his ball I knew that the murdered man—I told you his name was Hawkins—Samuel Hawkins—never got as far as the second green. If he had, his ball would not have been lying where I found it. He would have holed it out and gone on.

"It was plain, therefore, he must have been murdered after he played that shot—murdered somewhere between the tee and the green of the second hole. I went back to the deep bunker I told you of that guarded the second green, and I found there traces of a struggle.

"They had been cunningly obliterated, but to a detective's eye they were plain enough. The sand was smoothed over the footprints, but here and there the long grass and wild flowers had been torn away by a desperate grasp. I even found a faint bloodstain on one of the stones. Then, of course, I guessed what had happened. The man had been murdered on the bunker of the second green and carried under cover of the ridge to the bunker of the seventeenth. That, you see, disposed of the alibi of Mr. Bolton, who had left him early in the game."

"Oh, no!" interrupted the German, with eager interest in the story, "you told me that Mr. Bolton was at the hotel from half past seven, and the watch of the murdered man showed the murder had been committed at half-past eight."

Mr. Beck looked at the German with manifest admiration. "Forgive me for mentioning it. You would have made a first-class detective if you hadn't gone into another line of business. I should have told you that the evidence of the watch had been faked."

"Faked!" queried the other with a blank look on his face.

"Oh! I see. Being a German, of course you don't understand our slang phrases. I examined the watch, and I found that though the glass had been violently broken, the dial was not even scratched. The spring had been snapped, not by the blow but by over-winding. It was pretty plain to me the murderer had done the trick. He first put the hands on to half past eight and then broke the spring, and so made his alibi. He got the watch to perjure itself. Neat, wasn't it?"

The German merely grunted. He was plainly impressed by the devilish ingenuity of the murderer.

"Besides," Mr. Beck went on placidly, "to make quite sure, I laid a trap for Mr. Bolton which worked like a charm. The night of the murder I went into his room and

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**He took a neat pair of handcuffs from his pocket and held them out with an ingratiating smile.**

tore one of the buttons out of his waistcoat. The next day I mentioned at dinner that I had found a button in the second bunker where, if I guessed rightly, he and only he knew the murder was really committed. It was a lie, of course. But it caught the truth. That same evening Mr. Bolton burnt the waistcoat. It was a light cotton affair that burnt like paper. The glass buttons he cut off with a knife and buried. That looked bad, didn't it?"

"Very bad," the German agreed. He was more deeply interested than ever. "Did you arrest the man then?"

"Not then."

"But why?"

"I wanted to make quite sure of my proofs. I wanted to lay my hands on the receipts for the diamonds which I believed he had stolen. I told you of those, didn't I?"

"Oh, yes, you told me of those. Did you search for them?"

"Yes, but I couldn't find them. I searched Mr. Bolton's room, and searched his clothes carefully, but I couldn't find a trace of the papers."

Again the German grunted. He seemed somehow pleased at the failure. Possibly the quiet confidence of this cock-sure detective annoyed him.

"But," Mr. Beck went on, placid as ever, "I tried a guess. You may remember, Herr Raphael, that when Mr. Bolton came back from the golf links he posted a letter immediately. I had a notion that he stuck the receipts in the envelope and posted it addressed to himself at some post office to be left till called for. Wasn't a bad guess, was it?"

"A very good guess."

"Then I did a little bit of forgery."

"You what?"

"Did a little bit of forgery. I forged the name of Mr. Bolton's partner to a telegram to say that five thousand pounds were urgently needed. That, I knew, was likely to make Mr. Bolton gather up the receipts and start for Amsterdam. We went to Liverpool together and I changed to an elderly lady. I saw him as an able-bodied seaman pick up his own letter at the Liverpool Post Office I came over with him in the boat to Rotterdam. As a French journalist I saw him as a stout German get into this very carriage and—here I am!"

It was a very lame ending to an exciting story. The stout German plainly thought so

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He had listened to the story with flattering eagerness almost to the end; now he leant back in the corner of his seat suppressing a yawn.

"It is a very amusing story," he said slowly. "But, my friend, you must be thirsty with much talking. I in my bag have a flask of excellent schnapps, you shall of it taste."

A small black bag rested on the seat beside him. He laid his hand on the fastening.

"It is no use," Mr. Beck interrupted, "no use, Mr. Bolton. I have taken the revolver out of the bag and have it with my own in my pocket. The game is up, I think. I have put my cards on the table. What do you say?"

Suddenly Mr. Bolton broke into a loud, harsh laugh that ended in a sob. "You are a fiend, Beck," he shouted, "a fiend incarnate. What do you mean to do?"

"To take you back with me to London. I have a man in the next carriage to look after you. No use worrying about extradition. You have a return ticket, I suppose; so have I. There will be a train leaving as we arrive. Meanwhile, if you don't mind——" He took a neat pair of handcuffs from his pocket and held them out with an ingratiating smile.

Mr. Bolton drew back a little. For a moment it seemed as if he would spring at the detective's throat. But the steady, fearless eyes held him. He put his hands out submissively and the steel bracelets clicked on his wrists.

They had only to cross the platform to reach the return train that was just starting. But Mr. Beck found time to plunge into the telegraph office and scribble three words to Mag Hazel's address:

"All right.

"Beck."

## *CHARITY SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME.*

*The Editress of "Busy Bees"*
*Is at her writing table,*
*Concocting savoury recipes*
*As fast as she is able.*

*She shows how cold potatoes may*
*Be made a thing of beauty*
*To tempt a husband's appetite*
*If wives will do their duty.*

*A cabbage stump, a rind of cheese,*
*A mutton bone, she's sure may*
*Compose a dainty dish to please*
*The palate of a gourmet.*

*"To win" she writes, "the outer man,*
*You first must feed the inner—"*
*A voice exclaims, abruptly, "Can*
*You help me with the dinner?"*

*"There's nothing but the cold boiled beef*
*We've had three days together—*
*It's underdone, in my belief,*
*And just as tough as leather!"*

*"The cold boiled beef!" the Editress*
*Replies, a trifle flustered,*
*"We'll finish it to-day with, yes,*
*I think, a little mustard!"*

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# MR. —HIS PAGES.

*When worries ga'ore that bewilder and bore,*
*Creep nearer, to plague and perplex,*
*Let folk of all ages consult, in his pages,*
*Eccentric, but wise "Mr X."*

*Kings, Queens, and Princesses whom trouble oppresses,*
*And turns into sorrowful wrecks,*
*Their saviour confess him, and ah! how they bless him-*
*Eccentric, but wise "Mr. X."*

*Though your life may be grey, yet you cannot but say*
*It has bright, if occasional, specks;*
*And of these not a few are undoubtedly due*
*To eccentric, but wise "Mr. X."*

Puzzle Penknives or Packs of Royal Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of The Royal Magazine), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

## A Novel Square Word.

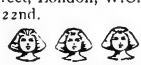
This is the novel square word:

**H O M E**
**O M E N**
**M E N D**
**E N D S**

Nothing very novel about that, you all shout. But there is. If you examine it again you will see that reading i idiagonally, from *left* to *right*, each diagonal contains only one letter. First an h, then o's, then m's, then e's, then m's, then d's, then an s.

There should be some interest in making square words on this system, so "Mr. X" offers a prize of 5s. for what is in his opinion the best example of a square word which has the above peculiarity about its diagonals—from left to right, or right to left, or both ways, as you please.

Letters marked "Diagonal," and addressed to "Mr. X," care of The Royal Magazine, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., must reach him by July 22nd.



## Belling the Greenhorn.

Robert: "What sound do you think is most like the tolling of a bell?"

Richard: "A poker knocking against an iron box."

Robert: "Oh, much more like than that."

Richard: "Well, what?"

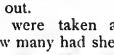
Robert: "The tolling of another bell, you idiot."

## A Duck Problem.

A woman took a certain number of live ducks to market. A likely customer inquired how many she wished to sell. She replied that she would sell him half the lot and give him half a duck for nothing. He took her offer.

Just after, another customer came. Then she sold half the remainder and gave him also half a duck for nothing. To another customer she sold half of those still remaining, and again gave him half a duck. She was then sold out.

The ducks were taken away alive and kicking. How many had she to start with?



## A Market Marvel.

Mrs. A., Mrs. B., Mrs. C., and Mrs. D., going to market together to sell eggs, agreed to sell at the same rate and not to take halfpennies or farthings. On their way home they found they had all sold out, and that each had taken exactly the same amount of money.

Now that would be natural enough if they had had the same number of eggs. But they had not. Mrs. A. had 20, Mrs. B. 40, Mrs. C. 60, Mrs. D. 80.

Whatever could have been the rate at which they sold?

[Ed. Royal (*ponderously*): "*This poser egg-zells many you have achieved, 'Mr. X.'*"

Mr. X. (*with elaborate carelessness*): "*Ah! are judiciously sell-egg-ted.*"

(*Collapse of* Ed. Royal.)]

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### Spotting the Number.

Ask a friend to write down a row of figures. Then tell him to reverse the row and to subtract the smaller from the larger. Now inform him that he may strike out any figure in the remainder he has obtained, and that you will tell him what it is.

Suppose, for example, he writes down—

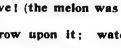
| | |
|---|---|
| | 7 3 5 5 4 |
| Reverses it | 4 5 5 3 7 |
| Subtracts | 2 8 0 1 7. |

And let us suppose he strikes out the 8.

You can tell that this was the number by proceeding as follows: Tell him to add together the remaining figures and give you the answer ($2 + 0 + 1 + 7 = 10$). Whatever answer he gives you, you subtract from the multiple of nine nearest above it (in this case 18), and the remainder will be the figure he struck out. If he gives you a multiple of nine, the figure he struck out will have been 0.

### Doggrel about a Catastrophe.

**A collie dog a melon saw, and thinking "Oh, how jolly!"**
**The collie ate the melon, and was filled with melan-choly.**
**He's in his grave! (the melon was a water one and sour):**
**Dog daisies grow upon it; water-melon cauli-flower.**

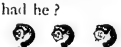


### A Craze for Figures.

"How many marbles have you got, Jones?" asked Smith minor.

"If I had just twice as many," replied Jones — the mathematical genius of the school—"if I had just twice as many, half as many as I actually have, and two and a half, I should have a score."

How many had he?



### Spiritualism.

Bloggs: "You don't believe in spiritualism, do you?"

Noggs: "No, I jolly well don't."

Bloggs: "Well, here's a curious thing for you, then, my boy. I was at a meeting the other day where the room was simply packed with people, and yet there was not a single person in it."

Noggs: "Rot."

Bloggs: "Fact. They were all married."

### The Boys and the Brook.

A party of schoolboys were out for a ramble. They came to a narrow stream. Some jumped across and they proceeded in two parties, one on either bank. Presently one boy called across to his companions: "If one of you chaps comes over here we shall have equal sides, and might get up a game of some kind."

"Yes," replied one from the other side, "and if one of you comes over here we shall have just twice as many on this bank as you will be."

How many were there on either bank?

### Attraction and Repulsion.

Get a basin of water and arrange a number of matches on the surface in the form of a star. When the matches are all together in the centre of the basin, take a piece of soap and touch the water as in Figure A, when the matches will make for the sides of the basin, frightened, to all appearances, by the soap. Lay aside the soap and just touch the water with a bit of sugar, and the matches will immediately return to the centre.

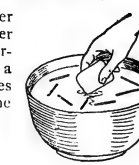


Fig. A.

Fig. B.

The reason for this is, of course, that the soap dissolves and leaves a thin film on the water, which, growing bigger, pushes the matches away. The sugar sucks up the water, and consequently draws the matches towards itself.

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### ANSWERS.

A Duck Problem: Seven.

A Market Marvel: They first sold at 7 for a penny (no fractions remember).

Mrs. A. took 2d. and had 6 eggs over.
Mrs. B. " 5d. " 5 "
Mrs. C " 8d. " 4 "
Mrs. D. " 11d. " 3 "

The remaining eggs they sold at 3d. each.
Mrs. A. took 2d. + 6 × 3d. = 1s. 8d.
Mrs. B. " 5d. + 5 × 3d. = 1s. 8d.
Mrs. C " 8d. + 4 × 3d. = 1s. 8d.
Mrs. D. " 11d. + 3 × 3d. = 1s. 8d.

A Craze for Figures: Seven.

The Boys and the Brook: Seven on one bank, five on the other.

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# A·GENUINE·TREAT

By Fox Russell.

*The Sad History of a Choir Outing.*

Last week our annual choir and school treat took place. Our ideas are always liberal on the subject of invitations. Not only the boys and men who sing in the choir of St. Anselm's, but also their mothers, sisters, and wives, occasionally even their cousins and their aunts as well, are bidden to the feast. And on this occasion we also included thirty of the parish school children, in charge of three lady teachers. I was placed by the vicar in supreme command of the whole force—rather a high honour, I considered it, for an assistant teacher.

As may well be imagined, it was a goodly party assembled on the platform of Grimyville railway-station upon the eventful morning, which fortunately dawned bright and fair. We entrained in several third-class carriages specially reserved for us, and, as there was not room for all, I took a party of the choir boys (and Miss Roseleaf, one of the teachers, a comely-looking maiden with whom I was desirous of cultivating a closer acquaintance) into a compartment occupied by a bibulous looking coal-heaver and his friend, a bricklayer's labourer, neither of whom welcomed our intrusion.

Indeed, the former went so far as to tell his companion in loud tones that he was "busted"—whatever that might mean—if he could stand kids, "not at no price whatsumever"; and he further remarked, anent our merry prattle, that he was "blowed" if he didn't "think the bloomin' teacher" (myself) "was the silliest-looking chump'ead of the whole crowd"—whereupon Miss Roseleaf, in the most considerate manner, pointedly asked my opinion as to the chances of the day's remaining fine. Fortunately for us, the coal person and his friend alighted at the first station, and we had the carriage to ourselves for the remainder of the journey.

The dear boys were full of hilarity and buns, and kept up such a ceaseless bellowing all the way—so thoroughly hearty—that Miss

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Roseleaf and I could hardly hear ourselves speak. Only once was the harmony disturbed, when one of the choir boys aggressively affirmed—speaking of his chief rival—that he could "sing Jones' blooming 'ead orf" at any church music extant.

But I quickly intervened, and further unpleasantness was averted by my presenting each boy with a plum out of a bag that I had brought for my own private consumption.

When we arrived at Bayfields we found no wagonettes to meet us, as we had expected, and I was beginning to get quite cross—oh, dear me, *so* cross!—when it suddenly occurred to me that I had forgotten to write and order them. It was very annoying. However, when I had explained matters, we all set out cheerfully to trudge the two miles to the rendezvous along the hot, dusty road. Here we were to picnic, play our innocent games, eat our holiday meal, and thoroughly enjoy our healthful outing in the ambient air.

We were rather dusty and hot when we arrived, and I felt more inclined for sitting beneath the umbrageous beauties of a spreading chestnut tree than engaging in rough games. Miss Roseleaf and I had walked together and gently ignored the grumbling and complaints of the old women at the absence of the wagonettes. They "had been told" they'd drive—they "didn't come to be made to foot it," and "if they only 'ad but knowed," etc., etc. But we—Miss Roseleaf and I—were quite content as we strolled along chatting (she is really very comely—very comely indeed). *We* made no complaint.

The dear, delightful boys played cricket and rounders, and we all joined in a form of kiss-in-the-ring specially designed by the vicar—when the girl was caught she had merely to shake hands with her captor. I could not help noticing that both sexes very shortly tired of this game. If I could only have got up a bazaar or sale of work, I should have felt quite at home.

At one o'clock we emptied the baskets, and spread their contents on the ground. Such a delicious meal! So informal, so bright. A glass of milk for all, a Bath bun, such jam, such hunks of meat and bread (stale, as the vicar considers new bread so indigestible). For the elders, tea and cocoa (not coffee, as the vicar thinks it too stimulating to the brain—I remember his nice compliment to me in saying: "But I don't think it could hurt *yours*, Mr. Mylde"). Such piles of cake. And, to finish off the meal, bottles of ginger-beer were popped in all directions.

Immediately we had finished our pleasant meal I had to take part in rounders, a game of which I had no previous knowledge (and which seemed to have, as prime attraction, the hurling of the ball—a very hard one—at my person, while I fled from one base to the next). I found the exercise very heating, particularly as I was wearing my usual stand-up collar. And when, after getting into a state of profuse perspiration, I received a smart blow on the nose with the ball, I had to call a halt and take a glass of milk to sustain my strength.

After this, Miss Roseleaf and I wandered away from the others and sat beneath a spreading chestnut tree, whilst we communed with Nature, and I smoked a mild—oh, very mild—cigarette (the vicar disapproves of pipes).

We held converse upon many topics—the schools, the Blanket and Coal Club, the Sewing Class and Mothers' Meeting, and were in animated discussion about a Sale of Work which was shortly to be held at the schools, when I was interrupted by an appeal to stop two of the elder members of the party, then engaged in a terrible fistic encounter.

I hurried to the scene of action, and found the combatants were giving each other some quite hard knocks. I myself was the unfortunate recipient of—I think the striker called it—a "knock-out" blow, which was aimed at his adversary.

As soon as I had recovered my breath, I exhorted them to desist, saying that the vicar would certainly disapprove of fighting. Both then made derogatory and uncalled-for remarks anent the vicar, and continued the contest. Even when I offered them each a bun to cease, they refused with scorn and contumely, so I withdrew and left them to fight it out.

At length, our happy and peaceful—well, more or less peaceful—day drew to a close, and we had to think of packing up our goods and chattels before making a start for the station on our journey homewards. The packers were rather dilatory, and I ran about from one to the other, saying:

"Now, good people, bustle along, bustle along; we mustn't miss our train, you know; it's the last one to-night, and I'm sure you wouldn't like to have to walk all the fifteen miles back to Grimyville, eh?"

And so, by good-humoured exhortation, coupled with a little mild badinage, I hurried

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my young friends in their final preparations, and was gratified to find that we were beginning our return journey, the two mile walk to the station, in excellent time to catch our train.

Attracted by the poetic softness of the summer's eve, Miss Roseleaf and I lingered behind the rest to watch the hues of the gorgeous sunset, and under the influence of the deep, brooding silence (as soon as the rest had gone on, out of earshot), I ventured to quote to her a little thing of my own, which had appeared in the local paper (the *Grimyville Times and Guardian*) some time before; she grew *so* sad as I went on and on—my poetry always has a saddening effect upon its hearers. The dear creature was doubtless realising to the full the great, sentient beauty of the lines. And the last verse was so pathetic, and affected her so greatly, that she positively turned away and yawned.

In the midst of that yawn she suddenly stopped.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Mylde, what am I to do?" she exclaimed. "I've left my new parasol lying just under the chestnut-tree where we were sitting so long. I must rush back for it," clasping her hands with a despairing gesture.

"By no means!" I said, "let me do so; it will give me the utmost pleasure to enact the part of your Mercury, who, with winged heels, will—but I am forgetting the time; let me return alone for the parasol."

But dear Miss Roseleaf would not hear of it—"it was really too kind of me," she said, to make the offer, but she herself had been so neglectful as to forget the sunshade, so she would be the one to return for it.

After we had, I fear, wasted some precious minutes arguing in the dusty lane, neither of us willing to give way, we settled the matter by deciding both to go back for the missing sunshade.

We did so, and found it; then, waving it airily in my hand, I stopped to repeat a few appropriate lines (my own again) anent the gorgeous effect of the setting sun; and finally we started once more on our way to the station.

In a sweetly decorous manner, Miss Roseleaf evidently admired me—and female admiration is not without charm for young men, even though they be Sunday-school teachers. And, from a perfectly detached standpoint, I admired—yes, why should I blush to mention it?—I admired Miss Roseleaf. Rather naughty of me, you say? Oh, not so, I assure you. Grimyville and Grimyvillains are essentially correct and decorous, and my admiration was purely platonic.

"We do not seem to overtake the others," I remarked, after walking for some twenty minutes. Then I looked at my watch, with a slightly uneasy feeling. "Come," I said, "we ought to be almost at the station by now—let us push on, dear Miss Roseleaf, let us push on!" I cried gaily, "or the train——"

And just then a sound saluted my ears which chilled me to the very marrow—the melancholy note of a railway whistle.

I looked at Miss Roseleaf, and she cast, in return, an agonised glance at me. No word passed between us, but instinctively we each knew what had happened—the last train had gone!

Frantically I took to my heels, and ran down the road at full speed towards the station, a wild idea of trying to stop the train surging up in my mind; but before I had gone twenty yards a wretched dog, pursuing a rabbit, bolted between my legs and tripped me up. I fell and cut the left knee of the garments men wear on their lower extremities—cut it right across!

Fortunately, I never travel without a pincushion, and soon effected temporary repairs.

Miss Roseleaf came up, and together we reviewed the awful situation in which we were so unexpectedly placed.

"*What* will they say at Grimyville? *What* will they say, Mr. Mylde?" sobbed my poor companion in misfortune, dabbing her eyes with a tiny piece of cambric. "I'm sure we tri—tri—tried our best to catch the train!"

Of course, I never use violent language; the vicar would so strongly disapprove, but I turned away with a deadly purpose in my eye at that moment, and said "Bother!" under my breath. I don't think Miss Roseleaf heard it, though, so it really didn't matter.

Mechanically we walked on as far as the station, only to find the solitary official just shutting up the ticket-office for the night.

"Is there no train passing which would stop by signal if——"

"No, there ain't," he cut me short gruffly.

"What is the next to Grimyville?"

"Five-thirty to-morrow mornin'."

"Is there no way this young lady and I can get back to Grimyville to-night?"

"Yes. Walk."

The man was an uncouth savage, but I had to be polite to him. The vicar would not have liked me to be rude.

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Frantically I took to my heels, and ran down the road at full speed towards the station.

"But it's fifteen miles," I remonstrated.

"I can't 'elp that, can I? Ain't my fault, I s'pose?"

"Are there any cabs?" I persevered.

"No, there ain't."

"Is—is there an hotel—an inn—a——"

"Pub? Yes. Goat and Compasses. There y'are," and he pointed a dirty forefinger in the direction of a small public-house across the road.

Desperate as the situation was, I rose to the occasion.

"The only way I can possibly see out of the difficulty, Miss Roseleaf, is for you to stay the night here"—she gasped, and gave a slight shudder as her gaze fell upon the Goat and Compasses—"whilst I will walk back to Grimyville. It will be an awful performance for both of us, but what else can we do? We cannot both remain here; we cannot walk through the major portion of the night like a pair of tramps: it is the only possible way."

I established the poor girl as well as I could at the Goat and Compasses, specially commending her to the care of the landlady, to whom I handed my card, and then, after a frugal meal of bread, evil-smelling, soapy cheese, and a glass of ginger-beer, I shook hands sadly with Miss Roseleaf, and started on my solitary and dreary walk.

Walk! It was a pilgrimage! I hardly met a soul as I trudged along, until I came across a solitary and officious police-constable just as I was entering the outskirts of the town. This misguided person stopped me, and, regarding my bedraggled appearance with hawk-like eye, said with a sniff of suspicion:

"Where've you tramped from?"

"I haven't 'tramped,'" I returned. "I've walked from Bayfields."

"All the same thing; wot's yer game?"

All the fire and indignation in me rose to the surface, and I felt almost tempted to give him quite a hard push. I should have done so only he was such a large man. And he had the biggest feet I ever saw.

"Will you let me pass, please?" And I added: "Bother you!" Of course, I said this to myself.

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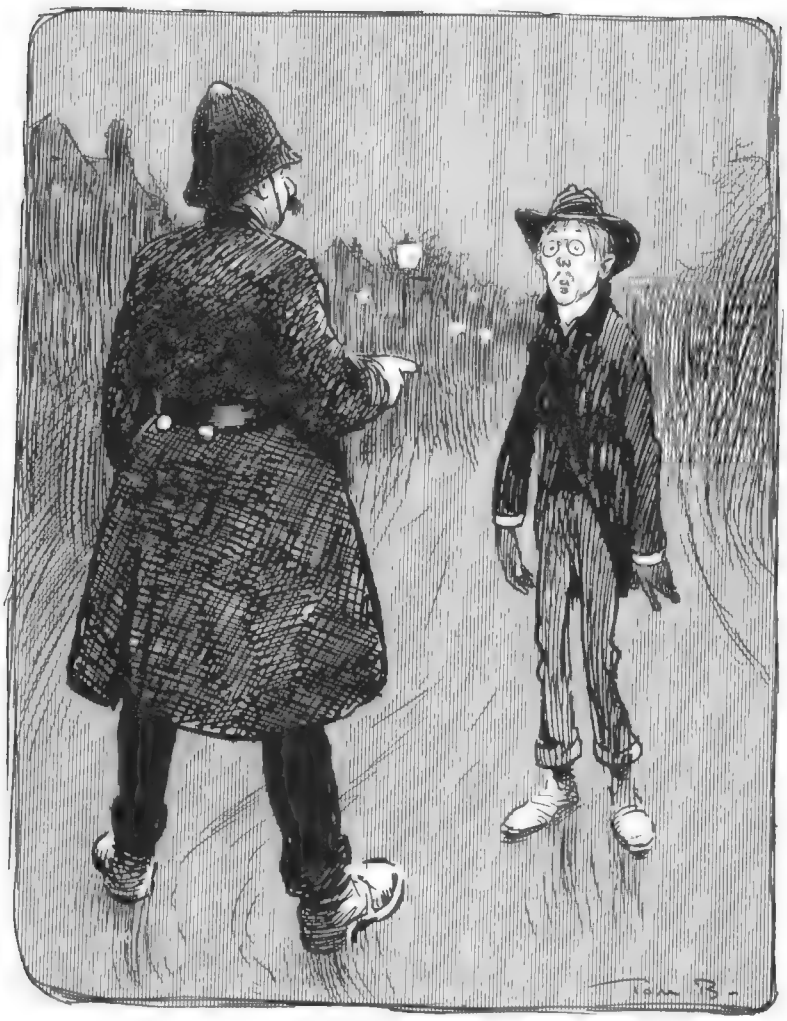

"You don't go till I've felt yer pockets," he grinned.

"You don't go till I've felt yer pockets," he grinned, taking off his white cotton gloves.

And the man actually ran his hands all over my pockets! I very nearly said "Bother!" again.

Then this massive creature, finding nothing suspicious, looked me up and down and observed:

"Move on now sharp, and don't let me catch you loitering about on my beat, or I'll run you in as a rogue and vaggybond."

I hurried away, and, as soon as I'd got out of sight, I said, quite out loud: "Drat all police-constables!" and shook my fist in the direction of the fellow.

When I ultimately arrived (with the milk) at my humble lodgings, I thought that I should "fade and die when the June roses were blowing." But, after a bath and a most refreshing sleep, I slowly recovered sufficient strength to dress and call at the vicar's and explain how the terrible occurrence came about.

Miss Roseleaf, however, had already arrived and told the entire history of our misfortune, and so saved me the trouble. The vicar said it was a most unfortunate incident, but he did not see how else we could have acted. This, at least, was consoling, and, after a brief interview with poor Miss Roseleaf, my fellow victim to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," I began to recover my wonted equanimity.

But, alas and alack! Mrs. Asp, a leading parishioner, has got hold of the story. She says: "It is obvious to the meanest understanding that there is only one course for Mr. Mylde to take: marry Miss Roseleaf or resign his position at our Sunday-schools."

I do not desire to resign my position at the Sunday-schools; they could ill afford to lose me, not only on account of my good influence on my class, but because people are so backward in coming forward as teachers. I do not want to marry Miss Roseleaf, because my admiration for her is purely platonic. And besides, I am engaged to the niece of our vicar!

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Mr. George Hamilton.

## No. XXIX.—THE CRUSHING OF THE DERVISHES.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF SERGEANT GEORGE HAMILTON, LATE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

**The Battle of Omdurman, which was fought on September 2nd, 1898, was the last great blow to a long reign of blood in the Soudan. The fight was remarkable for the comparatively slight losses of the British force under the Sirdar (now Lord Kitchener), and the heavy slaughter of the religious fanatics (the Dervishes), who, under the Mahdi, had been guilty of the grossest cruelty and oppression towards the unhappy natives.**

I WAS stationed in a very quiet little Irish town when the Sirdar was carrying out the first part of that marvellously successful campaign of his which ended in the smashing of the Mahdi's power in the Soudan. Every day, with a soldier's eagerness and interest, I got the newspaper to see how things were going at the seat of war. One morning I opened the pages and learnt that a severe and brilliant action had been fought —the battle of the Atbara.

To my wife, who was with me, I read some of the details of the fight. Woman-like she exclaimed: "How thankful I am that you are not there!"

Almost before the words were spoken there was a rat-a-tat at the door— the postman's knock.

I responded to the signal, and took in an ominously official letter. I opened it, and found that I had got my marching orders for the front. I was to go to Aldershot at once, and thence to Egypt. It was a hard wrench, but soldiering is soldiering; and within twenty-four hours I had got the sadness of farewell over, and was hurrying as fast as boat and train could carry me to my first destination. Then it was rush and bustle for embarkation for Alexandria, and an excited voyage across the Bay of Biscay and up the Mediterranean, wondering all the time how the war was proceeding, and speculating upon the chances of getting to Egypt before all the fighting was done.

Having been ordered out I naturally wanted to see something—not that I was unacquainted with campaigning, for at the age of sixteen I had marched with the Servian Army against the Turks, and in 1884 I was within reach of Khartoum. Any fears of disappointment vanished on reaching Cairo, and learning the latest news.

I had had a good deal to do with Eastern people, and was intensely interested in the workings of the Oriental mind, and the convictions of the people with whom I came in contact in the famous capital. I had travelled extensively, too, and had, amongst other things, acquired a conversational knowledge of Arabic.

I mingled with the natives, and asked them what they thought of the prospects of the campaign.

"We have made a good start," I told them, "and shall soon smash the Mahdi."

I was not, however, particularly surprised when I learnt that the downfall of the religious impostor and oppressor was the last thing in the world they expected or believed in.

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"You will never conquer the Dervishes," they solemnly assured me. "They are invincible. Besides, they cannot be killed in battle, because they wear charms which will protect them."

This was in allusion to the little snake skins which the Dervishes wear round their arms, and which were supposed to keep them safe from all evils of fire and sword.

The natives held to their conviction, and I did not depart from mine. I joined the Howitzer Battery and left Cairo for Upper Egypt, which at that time of the year was insufferably hot. It would have been bad enough to journey through the country even if we had had the best of food and drink and the greatest of comforts, but now, marching with the Sirdar, the man of iron, under the harassing conditions of a campaign against a brave and ruthless enemy, the work was trying and dangerous even to the strongest and healthiest.

It was not so much battle as disease that we had to dread; and many a fine fellow who left Cairo and escaped the sword and bullet of the fanatic, marched back, or was carried, only to die and find his last resting-place in Egypt.

I eventually reached a little island in the Nile about twenty miles from Khartoum, and was one of eight favoured men who were chosen by the officer commanding to push on to that strange city which was so closely associated with the tragedy of General Gordon. There was no doubt by this time that we were very close upon a desperate and probably final meeting with the enemy, who had already given proof of his splendid fighting qualities, and I was eagerly anticipating developments.

For everyone engaged it was ceaseless hard work, marching against time, and it was with a feeling of relief as well as excitement that I found myself in view of Khartoum and at what proved to be the battlefield of Omdurman.

That was on September 1st, a day which, for many and varied reasons, will never fade from my recollection. It was about noon when the gunboat in which I had sailed up the Nile was stationed with other similar vessels in the river not very far from the bank, and commanding the vast stretch of yellow desert which was broken by mounds and rising ground.

Within twenty-four hours a bloody battle had been decided, and the British had established themselves as the conquerors of Upper Egypt and the saviours of the oppressed.

A strange force it was that was gathered for the struggle—a strange army on either side. The British were such a mixture as you will find in no other army in the world—for there were the English, Irish, Scotch, and other regiments, mingled with the black troops, those Egyptians and Soudanese who from the most unpromising material had been turned into such fine fighting stuff.

We were in a very good position for awaiting that attack which was certain to be delivered. A long stretch of the bank of the Nile formed the rear of the encampment, and sweeping out from it, in the form of a gigantic semi-circle, was the zareba, a wall or barrier of stones and mud, tins and boxes—anything that comes handy and can be spared—which is so intimately associated with our desert warfare.

When the daylight had died away—which it does in those regions very quickly—the severest test of courage came.

Would there be an attack by the Dervishes under cover of the darkness? Would the fanatic hordes sweep resistlessly upon that enemy which they so greatly outnumbered, and force him to endure the horrors of a struggle in which it would not be possible to tell a friend from a foe?

These questions were constantly and eagerly asked, and even men who had been tried and proved in battle fervently expressed the hope that the struggle would be postponed till daylight, saying that if it came to fighting in the darkness the chances in favour of the defenders would be small indeed.

For the most part, the black troops who were with us were reliable, but there were some on whom too much dependence could not be placed at such a crisis, and who might easily give way to panic and cause the rout and downfall of our forces. Of course, it proved otherwise—but I am now only attempting to describe to you what our feelings were on the eve of that eventful struggle.

The night was so extraordinarily dark, indeed, that I really believe myself that if the enemy had attacked us it would have been all over with us. So convinced were some of the men of the gunboat that an attack would be made, that they stripped themselves of everything except their pantaloons, ready to jump into the water as their only means of escape. They preferred to take their chances with the crocodiles and hippos rather than with the fanatics.

The Sirdar, whose marvellous caution,

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courage, and foresight provided for every possible contingency, apparently recognised the peril, for it was rumoured that he caused spies to be sent out into the midst of the enemy to spread the report that it was the intention of the British to attack them during the night. The statement doubtless had much to do with the freedom from molestation which we enjoyed. On the general question, however—that of the result of the battle if fought in broad daylight—there was no difference of opinion whatever. Every soldier was satisfied that short work would be made of the fanatics, brave to recklessness though they were.

"We shall give 'em beans!" "We shall make short work of 'em!" and many expressions of the same sort showed the perfect confidence which Tommy had in his wonderful commander—the man of iron.

The night, besides being intensely dark, was full of that mystery and wonder which you only find in perfection in that particular part of Egypt—a region where, up to that time, few white men had been seen, although now—marvellous change within a decade—it is regularly visited by train and steamboat tourists. Does not Cook, who still largely rules Egypt, take them out and bring them back again, according to time-table, and with every luxury that money and experience can provide?—but only in the glorious, perfect winter months, not in the heart of the blazing, deadly summer time.

I had left the gunboat and gone ashore, to do a little reconnoitring on my own account, and to compare this present fighting with the many strange experiences I had gone through in other parts of the world. I was overtaken by Mr. Frederick Villiers, the war correspondent, who asked me if I could direct him to Prince Christian Victor, who was with the expedition. I happened to know where His Highness was, and told Mr. Villiers that he would find him in a boat which was moored not far from my own. "Thank you," he answered, and added that he hoped the enemy would not attack us during the night.

We parted, and I continued my way as well as I could over the sand of the desert. It was so dark, however, that I literally could not see a yard ahead, and having no wish, I can assure you, to walk into a trap, I began to find my way back to the boat. It is astonishing how, in spite of yourself, you imagine evil things at such a time. To me every bit of rising ground concealed a Dervish whose sole aim was to secure a place in Paradise at the cost of my life—an aspiration which I had not the least wish or intention to gratify, and every sound was that which came from some advancing enemy. I certainly believed that I heard noises which, as a matter of fact, had no existence; but at last, abruptly, I heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps.

What was it? Who could it be? What should I do? Perhaps in my heart of hearts I longed to show a clean pair of heels; but I pulled myself together and shouted "Who goes there?" No answer came, which was enough to confirm my suspicion that it was not, at any rate, a friend, for a friend would have answered the challenge.

I shouted again, this time in Arabic, "*Stana, ye kelp!*" which is effective, but not complimentary, for it means "Stop, you dog!"

Still there was no reply, and I can tell you that in spite of the heat of the night I felt a sudden chill all over me. The least I imagined was that it was a Dervish spy, with a spear, who was crawling towards me, and who was on the point of winning a sure triumph. I could see nothing in that actual Egyptian darkness, but I knew that the thing, whatever it was, almost touched my face.

I could endure it no longer, so I struck out right and left—and I think that as an Army athlete and boxer I can strike pretty hard. Instantly there was a strange, mysterious reply—a hideous "*Heio! Heio! Heio!*" and I was immensely relieved, even if utterly ashamed, for my unseen companion proved to be only a wandering donkey. I hurried to my boat, and as I rolled myself up in my blanket told myself that my invisible companion was not the only ass at large that night.

Morning came suddenly, and the battle began almost as abruptly as the day had broken.

It was a deeply impressive thing to gaze upon the field of battle and the opposing forces for a few moments before the action began. Many of our own splendid fellows had already distinguished themselves at the stern struggle of the Atbara River, and they looked the very apotheosis of the fighter. Other regiments were perfectly fresh and had been hurried up to the front without any previous experience of warfare.

Then there were the black troops, many of whom were fighting against their own relatives, or, at any rate, their own flesh and blood; and the fanatic hordes, clad in their *jibbehs*—white robes, with black and coloured

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patches—and carrying banners, spears, and in many cases huge, two-handed swords, with which they knew so well how to do appalling execution.

On the one hand was the great, placid Nile, with the picturesque but filthy cities of Omdurman and Khartoum in sight, and on the other was the far-reaching yellow desert. Here, where civilisation was opposed to barbarism, the British forces calmly awaited the desperate onslaught of the masses of Dervishes, who neither gave nor took quarter.

Suddenly in the distance, against the perfect blue of the sky, I saw flashes of flame and little clouds of smoke; then I heard the boom of guns, and knew that the battle had been opened in real and desperate earnest.

The howitzers were firing across the river into the town of Omdurman. Shortly afterwards I saw at a distance of about two and a half or three miles the Dervishes advancing towards us in skirmishing order, and a marvellous sight it was, for the brave fellows made a line which was three or four miles in length and consisted of men about ten deep.

It has always been a matter of conjecture as to how many of the fanatics advanced over the desert on that great day on what they believed would be a triumphant and annihilating charge; but I think myself that the number was not far short of 80,000.

After the style of the Mussulman they advanced with their banners flying, and chanting their prayer or hymn of victory, and even then it was terrible to realise that they were marching on to their inevitable doom.

Destruction was certain, because they had to advance for a long distance over the desert to attack steady troops who were armed with Maxims and magazine rifles, and had the great additional protection of artillery fire.

The Dervishes were swept down as they marched, but they neither halted nor deviated. They had a purpose to fulfil, which was the destruction of the infidel, and after all, perhaps one ought not to wonder overmuch at their reckless valour, seeing that their faith taught them that they were proof against sword and bullet, and that if by any chance they should fall they were assured of the joys of Paradise.

Being on board the gunboat I was, of course, exceptionally fortunately placed, because I could see the whole of the battle from start to finish.

With the help of a pair of first-rate field-glasses I swept the field of battle, following all the movements as they were carried out. I saw clearly the bursting of our shells amongst the huddled forces of the enemy, and it was inexpressibly terrible to observe the havoc which these missiles wrought. A shell would strike against the Dervishes, and make a breach in that human wall, reddening the yellow sand, and covering it with dead or wounded fighters. When this happened the fanatics were scattered literally like packs of cards.

Yet in spite of this ruthless and inevitable butchery the Dervishes came on, and it seemed as if not even the merciless rain of bullets from our rifles and Maxims would ever keep them back; it appeared certain that in spite of their enormous losses they would have survivors enough to reach the British troops who were formed in square and were mowing them down. It is certain that if by any chance the ammunition had become exhausted there would have been such a hand to hand struggle that no one could have foretold the end of it.

You would have supposed that before such a remorseless and destructive fire the enemy, however brave, would have broken and fled; but for fully three-quarters of an hour these courageous fellows, who did not know the meaning of defeat, marched on to the attack, doing everything that was humanly possible to get to a death grip with their opponents. But they literally melted, and never did they succeed in getting nearer to the zareba than five or six hundred yards.

One of the most thrilling and audacious things I witnessed that day was the charge of a body of Dervish cavalry. They swept furiously towards us over the desert, but there was no human possibility of success, and horses and riders were destroyed as they thundered on, rolling over on the sand in hideous confusion. A few, recognising the futility of the attempt, turned and retired, and in that way saved themselves.

There was one desperate and heroic rider who galloped about two hundred yards ahead of his companions, and it seemed almost as if he bore a charmed life, and would actually force himself as far as the zareba, but many a British rifle was turned deliberately towards him, and many a bullet hit the flying target.

Horse and rider were destroyed, and I do not think it is too much to say that no man that day showed greater valour than this unknown dark warrior. He was almost the last to fall, for soon afterwards there were signs that the Dervishes had lost heart and recognised that Fate was against them, and

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There was one desperate and heroic rider who galloped about two hundred yards ahead of his companions, and it seemed almost as if he bore a charmed life.

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that they could not hope successfully to stand against the Sirdar's conquering army.

Meanwhile there had been the famous charge of the 21st Lancers, a brilliant swoop of British cavalry against enormously superior numbers of the enemy, who had the immense advantage of cover. This charge was productive of many acts of valour, and it was the cause of many a terrible sight, for, as you know, the Dervishes, like other barbarous warriors, made a practice of mutilating their fallen enemies, and when we afterwards collected our dead horsemen it was utterly impossible to recognise them.

After the charge I met one of the troopers of the 21st, who, luckily for him, had only been slightly wounded and was able to ride back. He told me that when the charge was delivered he thrust his lance through the chest of a Dervish, and that so terrible was the force with which the weapon had been driven home that he could not withdraw it. Even then, literally like a fly on a pin, the Dervish raised his sword to kill his assailant, who, for the moment, was completely powerless; but one of the officers of the 21st dashed up and slew the brave fanatic.

By noon the battle was ended, and a complete and momentous victory was ours. The British loss was slight, but the Dervishes had suffered to an appalling extent. On that wide battlefield they were lying dead in thousands, and great numbers more were hideously and indescribably mangled. Not even the most seasoned soldier or the most callous man could go over the ground without shuddering and feeling intense pity for the vanquished. The killed were estimated at 10,000, and it was calculated that the wounded numbered 14,000.

A thing which shows the extraordinarily different points of view of black and white troops was the conduct of our Soudanese battalions after the fight, when we entered Omdurman. They walked straight into the houses from which the Dervishes had marched to battle, and sat down and devoured the meals which the wives had prepared for their husbands on their return as victors, just as if they themselves had been the triumphant menfolk.

There were many wonderful things to see in that strange city of misery and suffering. We marched in as conquerors, and the first thing the Sirdar did was to set at liberty many a wretched captive who had lingered in what appeared hopeless captivity.

One man in particular I noticed, because something about him told me that he was a white man. He seemed to be literally mad with joy at his unlooked-for deliverance, and well he might be, for he proved to be Mr. Charles Neufeld, who for ten years had been one of the Mahdi's prisoners.

There were many sad sights in Omdurman itself. True, captives were rejoicing because they had regained their liberty, and many who had been oppressed throughout their lives knew that at last they would enjoy real freedom under the protection of the British; but on the battlefield just outside thousands of husbands, brothers, and sons were slain, and the air was filled with bitter wailings and lamentations.

Omdurman itself, too, had been under fire, and pitiful as were the sights on the battlefield itself, infinitely more moving was the spectacle of little children who had been unavoidably wounded by our fire in the city. You may be sure that we did everything we could for them.

It was not all sorrow, however, for we, at any rate, were rejoicing at the finish of the war; and, as a sort of celebration of our victory, thousands of us, British and Soudanese, bathed in the Nile, and it was one of the most extraordinary sights imaginable to watch the immense numbers of white and black bathers in that famous river.

I was thankful to bid good-bye to Omdurman and Khartoum and get back to Cairo.

The natives utterly refused to believe that in such a short time we had not only met the enemy, but had completely vanquished him.

"No, no," they said, "you are not the winners! You have run away!"

It was indeed an amazingly swift and decisive campaign.

Within five months after the postman brought that fateful letter I was back in the little, quiet Irish town, grateful to be at home again. And had I not cause for profound thankfulness when I remembered how many a gallant fellow who had been ordered from home in exactly the same abrupt way was sleeping under the yellow sand?

I see that you are looking at my medals. Yes, I have six of them, with eight clasps, and, in addition, I have been twice mentioned in dispatches.

Yet in all the fighting that they represent I have not been wounded, nor, with the exception of five days, did I ever go sick during the whole of the time I was in the Army.

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The Dervish raised his sword to kill his assailant, who, for the moment, was completely powerless.

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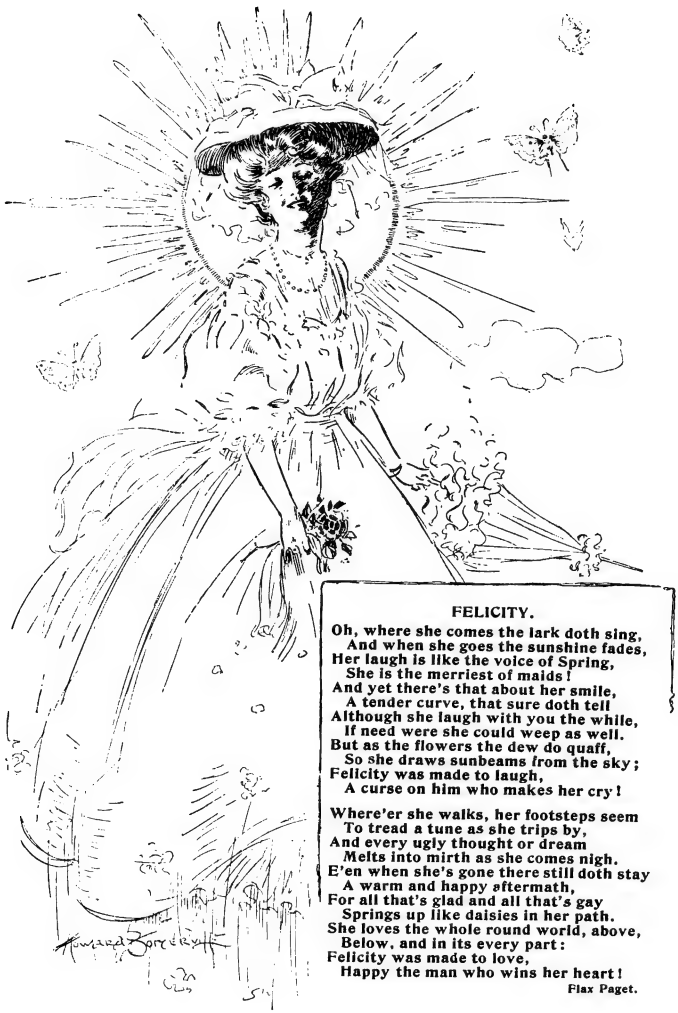

## FELICITY.

Oh, where she comes the lark doth sing,
  And when she goes the sunshine fades,
Her laugh is like the voice of Spring,
  She is the merriest of maids!
And yet there's that about her smile,
  A tender curve, that sure doth tell
Although she laugh with you the while,
  If need were she could weep as well.
But as the flowers the dew do quaff,
  So she draws sunbeams from the sky;
Felicity was made to laugh,
  A curse on him who makes her cry!

Where'er she walks, her footsteps seem
  To tread a tune as she trips by,
And every ugly thought or dream
  Melts into mirth as she comes nigh.
E'en when she's gone there still doth stay
  A warm and happy aftermath,
For all that's glad and all that's gay
  Springs up like daisies in her path.
She loves the whole round world, above,
  Below, and in its every part:
Felicity was made to love,
  Happy the man who wins her heart!

Flax Paget.

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# HER CHANGE

*The Story of What She Did with It.*

By Ida A. R. Wylie.

I.

The applause died away; the orchestra, wearied with six hours' almost unceasing toil, hastily packed up their instruments and disappeared into mysterious little rabbit-holes beneath the stage; and those singers who had not yet hurried away to change into more modern attire met and shook hands and congratulated each other on a successful evening. For it *had* been a successful evening—and an interesting one besides. At the last moment, owing to the sudden illness of Herr Edelbert, the part of Gunther had been taken over by a young member of the chorus, and the world had chosen to nod approval at his performance.

Even his more advanced professional brethren were condescendingly appreciative.

"Fine voice!" said the Siegfried of half-an-hour before drawing up the fur collar of his coat. "Has a future before him, that young man!"

And the gentleman with the bass voice grunted assent.

Neither of them noticed a young girl who stood a little on one side listening with eager ears. For she knew who this rising star was. He was her comrade, and they had stood shoulder to shoulder ever since that day, two years ago, when they had met as humble members of the chorus. There had been many sad hours since then—hours when hope and ready money were alike at a low ebb. But they had always helped and comforted each other. That very evening he had been despairing, and she had tried to cheer him with visions of future triumphs. And he had taken her hand unseen in his, and the hardness and bitterness had vanished from his features.

"Ah, if a chance would only come!" he had whispered; "if it would only come, Norah—little comrade. Then things would be so different. Then I shouldn't be gagged with poverty and failure. Then I could tell you everything that has been on my lips all these weary months!"

And now she stood and waited for him.

Her heart was beating violently, and her hands clasped and unclasped themselves in feverish excitement. For success had come to him—the success for which he had hungered, and whose tarrying had embittered his life. Now his foot was on the first hard-won rung of the long ladder—afterwards the climbing would be easier.

And she was glad, so glad that it seemed as though the dingy theatre had become the golden temple of her dreams, as though the reflection of his triumph had fallen upon her own life and filled her heart with a new

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warmth. And perhaps, as she was a simple woman, something else mingled itself with her unselfish joy, the hope that now things would indeed be different, and that he would come to her and tell her that which her love had seen already in his eyes.

The crowd dispersed slowly, and at last she saw him walking towards her. His head was uplifted, and his burning eyes fixed straight ahead. Success had swept away all signs of weariness and despair from his clear features. She made a quick step forward and held out her hands. She felt that in this moment they should be nearer and dearer to each other.

"I am so glad," she stammered, her glowing eyes raised to his, "so—very glad, comrade. It has come at last after all this waiting—and now all will be well."

He looked at her absently, as though his vision were fixed on something afar off. She felt that he hardly knew who she was or what she said.

Then he smiled and nodded.

"Thank you, thank you," he said vaguely, touched her hands, and went on.

She watched his retreating form. At the corner of the passage he met the chief singer, an incongruous figure enough, still in her Brünnhilde's costume, with a modern mantle flung over her broad shoulders.

Norah saw how she stopped Richard and condescendingly gave him her hand. He grew boyishly scarlet, and his lips moved as though in eager thanks.

Norah turned and slipped into the dressing-room. A few minutes before she would not have believed that happiness such as hers could have died so suddenly. Yet it was dead. She scarcely knew why. It was as though an icy, freezing hand had clasped her heart and checked the warm, pulsing flow of her blood. She took down her hat and coat and went out into the street. It was raining hard, but she did not care. She remembered only how tender and thoughtful he had always been, and how at such times he had wrapped her up like a delicate child.

"Think what would become of me if you were ill!" he had laughed.

And now she was going home alone, and a nameless desolation seized her.

"I am tired and foolish," she thought. "Women are weak creatures, after all. I'm crying—and I'm really glad, terribly glad."

She went bravely on, but the lights in the streets swam before her eyes, and the way seemed endless. Just before she turned into the narrow doorway which led to her dingy dwelling, she heard quick steps behind her, and, turning with a nervous start of alarm, found Richard at her side. By the flickering light of the lamp overhead she could see that he was drenched through, and that there were dark rings under his eyes.

"I thought you'd be surprised," he said gaily. "I saw you in the distance, and ran after you. I'm afraid I startled you, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't wait till to-morrow. I've such grand news—I had to come and tell you—now when it is all burning and hot, so to speak."

He brushed the dank hair from his forehead, and she saw that his hand trembled.

"You have good news?" she said.

He nodded, and a happy smile touched his lips.

"Splendid! Think of my luck! It just happened that the manager of the Grand Operatic Company was in the theatre to-night. He heard me, and of the circumstances in which I had sung, and afterwards he came round and spoke to me. He asked me dozens of questions: what parts I knew, where I had learnt; and then"—he looked at her with eyes brimming over with almost boyish pride and pleasure—"he engaged me. Second heroic tenor, if you please, for his tour in America, starting in four weeks' time."

She put out her hand blindly, seeking support. The world had seemed brighter a moment before; now suddenly the darkness and loneliness returned.

"And—you are going?" she said indistinctly.

He looked at her again, this time with a touch of annoyance.

"Of course!" he said. "Would you have me fool away a chance? Aren't you glad?"

"Indeed I am—I told you so—very, very glad," she said, but her voice sounded lifeless. The first flood of her joy had been checked too roughly—it now rang forced and hollow.

Richard drew himself up. His manner had become cold and formal.

"I must be going," he said. "I ought not to have come. I thought it might interest you. Good-night."

"Good-night," she answered.

Richard raised his hat and walked stiffly away. For a moment he felt nothing but a wounded sense of desertion. He had expected sympathy, and she had given him indifference. Manlike, he had forgotten the warm and eager words which he in his excitement had pushed aside unheeded and unheard.

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"She's jealous," he thought. "They say most women are. To-morrow it will be all right again. I suppose I should have felt it, too; and perhaps I was tactless. It's rough to be left behind; but then, she might have known—my luck is hers."

He stopped under a lamp, and pulling out a packet opened it. A thin gold ring twinkled in the yellow light, and he smiled at it almost tenderly. It had been bought only a few minutes before, and had cost all his hard-earned savings. But success had come at last, and she was to share it with him just as they had always shared.

"To-morrow I will show it her," he murmured. "I will ask her. And then——" He broke off. He was, after all, very foolish and very young, and it was a good thing the street was deserted. He bent down and kissed the humble little gold band in its cheap case.

Meanwhile Norah had turned and climbed up the dark stairs to her room. In spite of all her self-control she could not choke back a heavy sob from her lips.

"When we were down in the depths together we stood shoulder to shoulder," was her bitter thought. "We were comrades—as long as we suffered. A woman is good enough in trouble and misery. She is not needed when success comes."

Her supper stood on the table, but she did not touch it.

She flung herself down on the rickety little bed, and cried out her heart for misery and loneliness.

II.

"I've had my eye on you a good time," the manager said, drawing on his coat. "You have a first-class voice—or will have; and, what's more, you have always been at your post. No silly excuses about headaches and colds, and what not. We managers appreciate that sort of stuff, and now this offer has come, and the season is running to an end, I'm blessed if, out of pure Christian gratitude, I don't give you the chance."

Norah stared at him with mingled doubt and hope. The manager drew out a letter from his pocket, and ran his finger down the lines.

"To start in a week, first-class touring company. Wanted, an heroic soprano as understudy. No pay at first, but all expenses guaranteed. If capable, eventual permanent engagement as first soprano. Can I recommend anyone? That's about the tone of it," the manager concluded. "What do you say—shall I recommend you?"

Norah took a deep breath, and for the first time for many days a smile played about her mouth.

"It's a chance!" she said almost to herself.

The manager chuckled and tapped her familiarly on the shoulder.

"It *is* a chance," he said. "Warring is a good fellow and will push you if you are capable and worth it. So it's 'yes,' eh?"

"It's 'yes'!" she answered with a short, excited laugh.

For once the man's familiarity did not vex her. She felt above every trivial annoyance in the flood of thankfulness and hope which had burst upon her. She went into the corridor and stretched out her arms like one who had shaken off heavy, humiliating fetters.

Her chance had come, too, and henceforth she stood side by side with those who had fought and won. Her thoughts reverted to Richard, and a hard, more bitter line settled round her mouth. For a week he had not been near the theatre. Everything confirmed her first fears. The successful man had cut himself free for ever from the unsuccessful past.

"We are not comrades any more," she said to herself with uplifted head. "That's done with. But he shall know of this. He shall not think that he has had to free himself from a useless burden."

Later, as she went up the stairs leading to his dreary rooms, she tried to conquer the impulse which had brought her thither.

"Is anyone there?" she called.

A figure rose out of an arm-chair by the empty grate. It was Richard, though for an instant she hardly recognised him, so strong was the contrast between his present weary attitude and the restless, energetic movements of their last meeting.

"Is that you, Norah?" he asked, so quietly that his voice sounded little more than a whisper.

She came further into the room.

"Yes, it most certainly is!" she said with a loud, harsh gaiety. "I am paying an unconventional visit. Do I bother?"

He had sunk back into his chair with his head in his hands, and made no answer. But her gaze was turned resolutely away from him.

"You see, we have been such staunch comrades," she said with veiled sarcasm. "We have always shared good and ill alike, and I had to tell you. You *are* interested, aren't you?"

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"Yes, Norah, of course," he answered hoarsely.

"It seems as though Good Luck has been busy this week leaving his card on the broken-spirited," she went on. "Think, to-day the manager has made me an offer as understudy for the heroic soprano. Who knows, Brünnhilde may come after all!"

He raised his head.

"I'm glad," he said. "I'm glad the Good Luck you spoke of has been true to one of us."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

He got up and began to pace restlessly up and down.

"I don't know why I should throw stones at my luck," he said. "It's my own fault—my own folly. That night—you know I was wild with happiness—well, I played the fool. I was drenched through. The next day I had a cold—a mere nothing. To-day my voice has gone."

Norah fell back a step.

"Gone!" she echoed.

"I've seen the doctor," he went on. "He orders me complete rest for a month. I must keep at home. I mustn't use my voice—and I must have every delicacy."

"Well?"

He began to laugh, and it was not a laugh pleasant to hear.

"My old work at the theatre is, of course, done with. If I'm not fit in a month's time the American engagement is cancelled—and the manager isn't the sort to help," he hesitated. "I can't hold out. I have nothing—not a penny."

"You have friends?"

He shook his head.

"No one to whom I could appeal. I can't take from beggars poorer than myself."

There was an instant's silence—an almost imperceptible silence. Then she leant forward so that her face was hidden.

"We have been comrades," she said, but her voice had lost its bitterness. "You will let me help you."

He stared at her incredulously, almost indignantly.

"Do you think I would live on a woman—and a poor woman?" he demanded bluntly.

"I'm not poor. I have a good engagement. But that's not the point. If you won't accept money, there are other ways. I have influence with my manager, and perhaps through him I could get yours to help you over this time—perhaps with an advance on your salary."

"I can't thank you——" he began eagerly.

"There is no need."

"Norah," he stammered. He tried to take her hand, but she drew back angrily.

"There, it's nothing. Don't let us be silly over a business matter. Leave everything to me, and get better." She rose briskly to her feet. "I can't stay any longer. I have a rehearsal to-night. To-morrow I'll let you know what has happened. Good-bye!"

He tried to call her back, but she was already on the landing.

Just for a moment she wavered, and held her hand before her eyes. Then with a steady step she went down into the street.

At the entrance to the theatre she met the manager, and went up to him.

"By the way, Mr. Marks," she said, "I've changed my mind since this morning. I hope it doesn't matter." He stared down at her. Her eyes were a little red perhaps, but at that moment they were full of merriment.

"You see," she went on, "I don't think the engagement you spoke of is quite good enough. I expected something better." She laughed tremulously. "A lady in my position needs money. And, besides, I quite like to lead the chorus. It has its attractions, and I'm afraid this theatre might not get on without me—we are such old friends. So I think—if you'll keep me—I'll just go on with my twenty shillings a week."

The manager stared dumfoundedly at the slight, retreating figure.

"Well, I'm——!" he said under his breath.

## III.

Richard paced up and down the narrow room. Physically he was better and stronger than he had ever been. Morally, he felt that the swing of the pendulum from sorrow to joy and from joy to sorrow had been too sudden for him. It left him bewildered, not knowing what to hope and what to fear. True, in two weeks' time he was to take the first great step in his artistic career, but that no longer satisfied him. His mind wandered from thoughts of ambition to the old, oft-asked questions: "Norah, does she care, has she forgotten?" and the only answer which he found stifled down every other feeling of exaltation or happiness: "She *has* forgotten. Her whole soul is in her work and in her success."

He looked at his watch. It was already five o'clock. In a moment Norah would be here if she kept her promise.

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"Whatever it costs I will know if there is any hope for me," he thought, with a tightening of the lips.

The room was in semi-darkness, and going to the cheap lamp he was about to light it when a quick step sounded on the stairs, and the next instant Norah herself entered. She saw him, and came quickly across the room.

"Leave the light," she said sharply. "It's pleasanter in the dark. My eyes are tired."

He laughed and led her to the patched arm-chair by the fire.

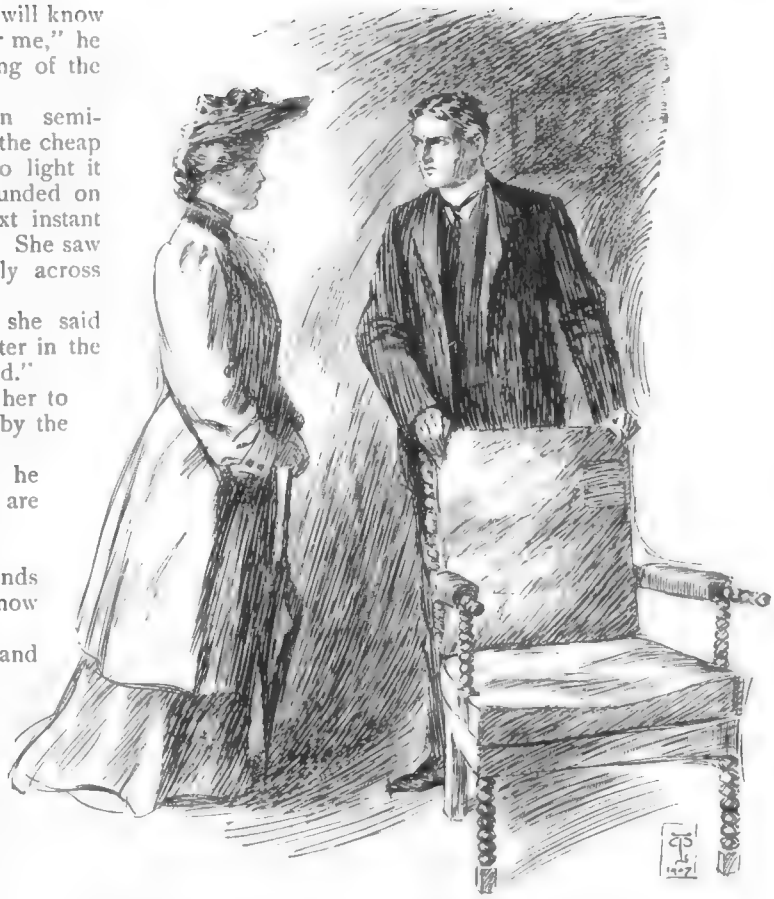
"I don't wonder!" he said. "I expect you are blinded."

"With what, pray?"

"They say success blinds people. You see, I know about last night."

She remained silent, and he went on.

"A friend came to me this morning and told me that the night before he had heard the Walkūre, and that owing to illness the understudy was obliged to sing Sieglinde. My friend didn't know the name—but then you told me you were understudying the part, so I knew."



**"Do you think I would live on a woman—and a poor woman?" he demanded bluntly.**

Still there was no answer. He looked up, but she drew back out of the blaze of the fire, and her face was deep in shadow.

"It was a great success?" he said gently.

"Yes, a great success."

He leant a little forward.

"I'm glad—tremendously glad. To make one's first big step in London is worth something."

She heard the pain in his voice. She thought it was the ambitious artist in him which she had wounded, and a measureless, comprehending pity seized her.

"You will do greater things than that," she said.

He shook his head.

"Tell me all about it—everything," he begged

She hesitated. If his whole being had not been strained beneath conflicting emotions, he would have heard how her breath came quickly and unevenly.

"Tell me!" he repeated.

Then suddenly she laughed, a sharp, hysterical laugh, and a flood of words poured from her lips. She described wildly the applause, the congratulations of her friends, the approbation of the manager, a thousand and one details. She spoke gaily, almost flippantly. In the end she hesitated, and her voice trailed off into silence. She sprang to her feet.

"I am tired," she said curtly. "Let me go."

He stood up beside her. He had grown very white, as though with suppressed emotion.

"It was you who got the manager to send me all the money," he said, "and I have

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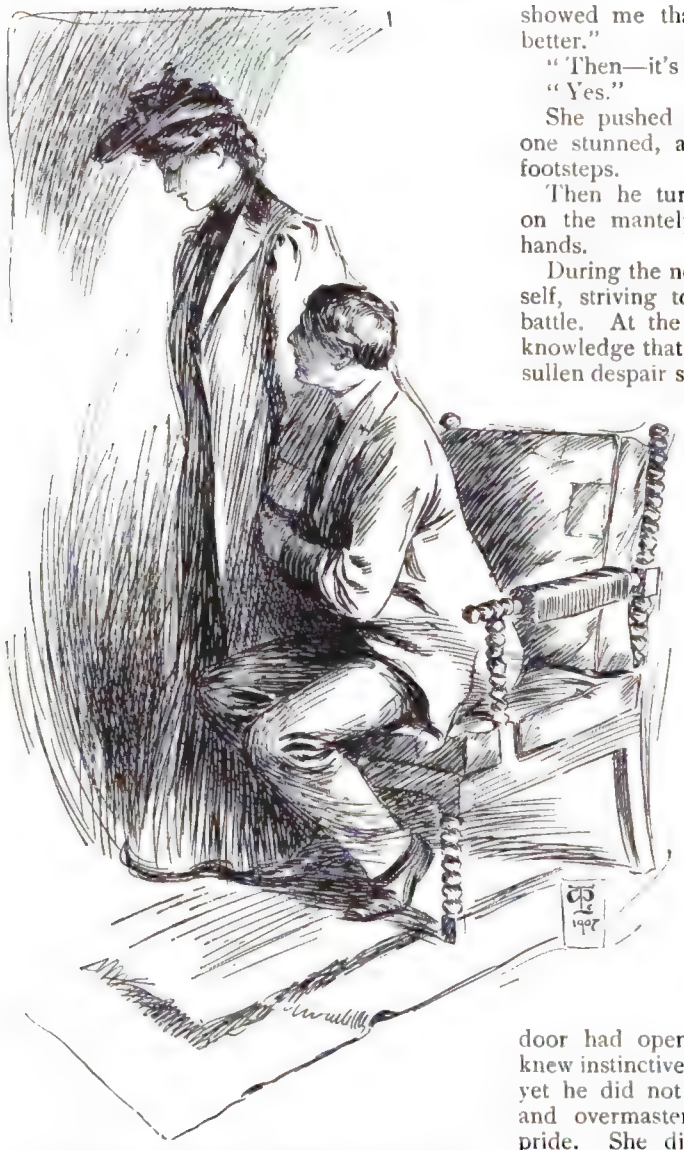

**He drew her round to his side. but she stood upright, her face turned away from his.**

never thanked you. You stood by me in a bad hour. You saved my career." He broke off, and then held out his hands. "Yet you have changed towards me. It's as though a barrier had sprung up between us. Can't we go back and be as we were——"

"No, no. That was all folly. Necessity threw us together—but that necessity has gone. We don't need each other now; we stand alone, and our paths have divided. *You* showed me that, and it is better so, much better."

"Then—it's all over?"

"Yes."

She pushed past him, and he stood like one stunned, and listened to her departing footsteps.

Then he turned, and leaning his elbows on the mantelpiece buried his face in his hands.

During the next week he fought with himself, striving to forget. But it was a vain battle. At the bottom of his heart was the knowledge that he would never forget, and a sullen despair settled on him. Until then he had hoped against hope, but now it was folly to deny the truth so pitilessly laid before his eyes. She did not love him. She loved her art and her success, and what she had done for him was out of pity for a fallen comrade. Such thoughts as these tormented him night and day. They were with him as, three nights before his departure with the operatic company, he drew up his chair by the fire and tried to tell himself that now his voice had returned he cared for nothing else. But the flickering gleams of the flames fell on a face where lines of pain and hopelessness were deeply engraved.

He raised his head. The door had opened, hesitatingly, softly. He knew instinctively who it was that had entered, yet he did not move, held back by a great and overmastering sense of bitterness and pride. She did not care, and he was no beggar. He would plead no longer for that which she would not—could not give him. It may be that in that short moment he realised for the first time all that her loss meant to him, but he set his teeth, preparing to rise and show her a face as cold and indifferent as her own. And yet he did not move, but sat on, listening with a strange fear in his heart to the slow, trailing footsteps as they drew nearer.

He knew that she stood behind his chair. He could hear her breathing quickly and jerkily as though after a stiff climb. The silence was unbearable, and with an effort

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Richard shook off the stupor which had held him paralysed.

"Norah!"

"Yes."

"Have you come to say good-bye?"

"Yes."

A hand was placed on his chair. With a sudden resolution he turned and took it in his own, and felt with a strange tightening of the heart that it was like the hand of the dead, cold, damp, almost fleshless. He drew her round to his side, but she stood upright, her face turned away from his.

"What is the matter?" he said.

"Nothing. I have come to wish you good-bye and—good luck!"

He laughed out bitterly.

"What good luck can come to me now?" he said. "I have lost all that I care to have."

The hand in his shook.

"What is that?"

"That which I meant to come and ask for three weeks ago. But I was bowled over—a wreck—I had no right to ask any woman—and now, when perhaps I have the right, now I cannot——"—he hesitated—"You have your success—you do not care——"

This time it was she who laughed, and there was something in the hoarse, trembling sound which startled him from his thoughts.

Heedless of her resistance, he pulled her down beside him, so that the firelight shone upon her face. Then he sat very still, stricken to the soul with the dumb suffering of that haggard, pallid countenance.

"My God—Norah—what has happened—you are ill—what is it?"

She tried to cover her face with one thin, almost transparent hand.

"Nothing, nothing—I ought never to have come; but I was lonely—and I wanted to see you Oh, Dicky, I have played my part so brilliantly. I have played and played—to you and to myself; but to-night—to-night the curtain is going down, that's all——"

"Then it's not true? There is no splendid engagement. You mean that——"

"Yes, that's it——"

"My God—why did you do it?"

"Why? Oh, Dicky, you don't understand We women are so envious, so jealous. I couldn't be left behind—a miserable failure. Just for an hour I wanted to be successful, too. I wanted you to respect me—and so I lied. It was wicked and cruel—and I want you to forgive me——"

He took her face between his hands, and his own voice shook as he answered her.

"Norah—Norah—won't you tell me the truth now? Do you think me so dull—do you think I don't know? It has come to me like a flash of light in the darkness. It was *your* money the manager sent me—you have starved yourself for me!"

She tried to answer, but he drew her to him, and her head fell back upon his shoulder. A great weakness stole over her. She felt herself drifting away into a great and peaceful oblivion, through which his broken voice still reached her:

"Then you cared, little comrade? You cared always? Oh, Norah, my dear—my wife!"

* * * * *

The ladder of fame is a long and dangerous one, but Richard has scaled it to the end. And all the weary way his wife has stood by him—a comrade in the highest, noblest sense. He knows, and he has told the world, to whom he owes his greatness. But one thing is still hidden from him. He does not know that she might well have stood upon the pinnacle which now is his. He does not know that for him she sacrificed the great chance of her life. And, moreover, he will never know.

* * *

## THE SOLEMN HUSH.

**The house is wrapt in silent gloom,**
**Hushed is the voice of joy and mirth,**
**No footfall dares invade the room,**
**The casement bars the sounds of earth.**

**The word is passed with bated breath,**
**And on the evening shadows creep.**
**Are we within the shades of death?**
**Oh, no—the baby is asleep.**

**Felix.**

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# WHERE BANANAS COME FROM

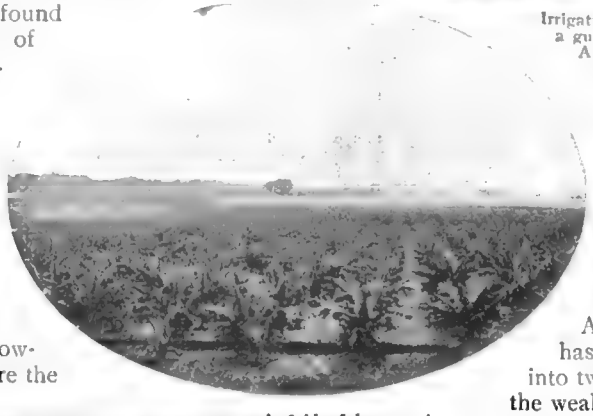
*All About a New and Flourishing Industry Between England and Barbados.*

BY F. E. BAILY.

Irrigation pipes carried across a gully to a banana field. A plentiful supply of water is very necessary for the well-being of the fruit.

THE banana nowadays is almost as great a national institution as tobacco or the potato. A few years ago, certainly within the last decade, it was only found on the tables of people who possessed a sufficient amount of worldly wealth to be able to afford luxuries; now it is bought at the small cost of three a penny by the London office boy.

The epicure, however, will not endure the three-a-penny banana, any more than he will condescend to smoke the five-a-penny cigarette.



A field of banana trees. Between Kingsto (Jamaica) and Port Antonio little else can be seen from the railway but banana plantations.

And thus the banana has divided humanity into two great classes—the wealthy and fastidious, who fare sumptuously on the small, thin-skinned fruit which is grown in the Canary Islands and Barbados, and the poor but honest who are glad to trade a copper for from two to four Jamaica or Costa Rica bananas, which are fat and thick-skinned.

A banana tree, showing the bunch of fruit. Observe that it does not stand upright. This is because he weight of the fruit bends it over.

These distinct varieties are as far apart as the poles, and as different from one another as a cart-horse and a Grand National animal.

For the benefit of those who like to be technically exact at any cost, let it be said that the species of banana cultivated in Jamaica and Costa Rica is a variety of the *Musa sapientum*, while that grown in the Canary Islands is the *Musa cavendishii*, which is quite another thing.

In the catalogue, both go for bananas, but the difference between them is immense.

Most people have seen a banana-plant growing, and those who have not and desire to do so have only to make a pilgrimage to the Palm House at the Royal Gardens, Kew, in order to satisfy their very laudable ambition.

Having arrived at their goal and discovered a banana-plant, they will notice that it has broad leaves, which, in its young days, are green, but

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darken as they grow older, and are usually torn to shreds by the winds when the plant grows out of doors.

From the centre of it rises the flower, which is very beautiful, and consists of a long spike of pink and white blossoms. These beautiful flowers fade away as the work of fertilisation is completed and the fruits mature.

Cutting the bunch from the banana tree.

Bringing bunches of bananas in from the fields. Women are principally employed for this work.

During the early stages of its career the bunch of fruit grows erect, with all the confidence of youth. As it ripens, however, it sinks under its own weight, and eventually bends right over, so that the stalk forms a handle like that of a walking-stick, by which the bananas may be carried.

Should any man wish to grow bananas, there are one or two little things that he ought to know if his efforts, and his banana-plants, are to bear any fruit.

Wrapping the bunches in cotton wool, before packing them in crates. The wool absorbs any moisture that may be given off, and keeps the fruit from being bruised when shaken.

In the first place, the plants are propagated from shoots or suckers from the old roots.

These are planted about ten feet apart, and the good old gardening saw:

> If you want your plants to grow,
> You must water them, you know.

is true of bananas as of other things, for this succulent fruit requires a great deal of moisture.

The banana-shoots likewise need a plentiful supply of manure, or a crop of disappointment will be the only harvest.

As eleven months usually elapse from the time of planting until the bunch of fruit is ready to be cut, it is as well for the cultivator to have some hobby with which to employ his time when he is not watering or manuring his plants, or driving cats and other local fauna away from his plantation.

From their youth upwards there is a great gulf fixed between the lordly Canary Island and Barbados fruit and the bourgeois, suburban, Jamaica and Costa Rica variety.

To start with, this gulf measures about 9 ft., and the humbler variety can look down—physically, at any rate—on its aristocratic rival, for the Jamaica plant grows to a height



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of 14 ft. or 15 ft., and sometimes more; while the Barbados growth rarely exceeds 5 ft. or 6 ft.

On the other hand, the smaller plants have more fruit on them, but they are chiefly superior on account of their delicate flavour.

Happily for the poor but honest, the banana business in Jamaica is so flourishing that, before the recent earthquake, more than 33,000 acres of the island were under cultivation. These were divided into estates of various sizes, the acreage varying from twenty to 500 and 600, besides which there were hundreds of small holdings comprising fewer than twenty acres.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the banana trade between the island and the mother country will go on increasing, and become a much greater industry than it is at present.

Though the majority of cultivated areas lie in the valleys and on the slopes along the seaboard, numerous estates exist in the hilly districts.

Passengers making the seventy-four mile railway journey from Kingston to Port Antonio see bananas to the right of them, bananas to the left of them, bananas in front and bananas behind. The line runs through a stiff mountain range, and on all sides are small patches of bananas.

The English market gives the best prices during the summer and autumn, while the United States season is from April to August. The large exporters take fruit at a contract price all the year round, and the supply is guaranteed to them under penalties.

There is excellent organisation throughout the whole of the banana trade. The large buyers are connected by telegraph and telephone with their agents in the colony, and at a few hours' notice a shipload of 30,000 to 40,000 bunches can be cut, transported to the ship, and loaded ready for starting.

The fruit is generally conveyed from plantation to ship on donkeys. If carts are used, the leaves of the plants (known to "the profession" as "trash") are disposed round about the bunches in order to keep the fruit from being bruised.

British justice is proverbial, and wherever the Briton has founded a colony he has taken this splendid national inheritance with him. Thus, we are not surprised to find that in Jamaica it is a criminal action to ride, lie, sit, or otherwise dispose oneself on a load of bananas.

However, the kind-hearted natives of the island are ever ready to risk penal servitude in order to give a tired school-child a ride, and the Archbishop of the West Indies is reported to have suggested that the maxim "Do not Sit on Bananas" should be displayed in the schools of his diocese.

"He had noticed," he said, "how good-natured drivers were in the habit of giving a lift to weary travellers, and that very frequently these travellers took their seats on the bananas as they were being conveyed from the plantations to the quays, with the result that on their arrival in England the fruits were found to be bruised and rotten, and the price obtained was lowered in consequence."

Heated arguments have from time to time arisen as to what is the psychological moment for consuming the banana. Should we eat it as it is, or wait until it is rotten?

There are those who say that blackened fruit is unfit for food, and, again, others who contend that in this state alone is it in prime condition, and only when the pulp can be scooped out with a spoon should the banana be consumed.

It is a difficult question to decide.

The Jamaica banana darkens when ripening, so that the fruit must be judged by its flavour, and not by the aspect of the skin.

In connection with West Indian bananas it should be remembered that the Jamaica variety always arrives in Great Britain "mid nodings on"—that is to say, the bunches are not packed, while those from Barbados are clothed in their own leaves and carefully packed in crates.

There is a reason for this distinction between the fruit of the wealthy and the poor man's dessert.

Some thirty years ago Jamaica started sending bananas to New York. It was found that the fruit travelled very well as it was, and so no one troubled to pack it in crates. They have gone on not troubling ever since.

It is true that when the question of sending the fruit to Great Britain was discussed, Sir Daniel Morris, the Imperial Commissioner for Agriculture in the West Indies, strongly urged the packing of Jamaica bananas in crates as is done with the Canary Islands fruit, and, more recently, with that from Barbados.

However, he was told that it would be impossible to find enough crates for the enormous quantities of fruit shipped from Jamaica, and if it were, the profits did not justify the extra expense, so that he was forced to waive the point.

The differences between the more expensive Barbados and the cheap Jamaica banana

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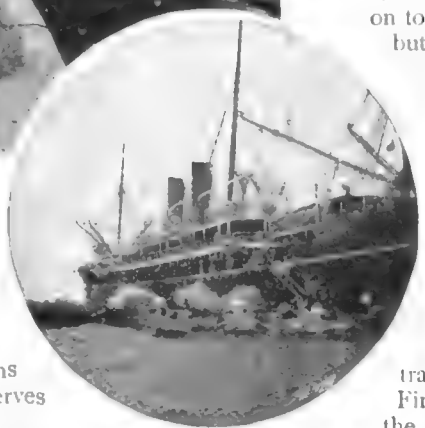
Loading bananas into lighters at Carlisle Bay, Barbados. The organisation is so good that in a few hours 30,000 bunches can be cut, transported to the ship, and loaded.



Transferring crates of bananas to R.M.S. *Atrato*.

are, therefore, the cultivation of a smaller and choicer fruit in the former island, and the very careful packing of each bunch into a separate crate, so that the fruit ripens gradually, is not bruised, and preserves its straw-like colour.

As the banana industry between Barbados and this country is in its infancy, its development is being watched with great care and interest.

This is the way they pack and ship bananas in Barbados. After the bunch is cut it is packed in the field, or sent to a central packing-house; in either case the greatest care is taken with it, as the least rub or blow when the fruit is green, in which condition it is always shipped, would result in a discoloured patch or blotch when it is ripe.

It speaks well for the care of the packers when it is remembered that many bunches arrive on the table in Great Britain without any blemish whatever.

Unloading the crates on arrival at Plymouth. Till September 1905, all bananas shipped from Barbados were landed at Plymouth, in lighters. Now they are landed at Southampton, where lighters are unnecessary.

The method of packing the fruit is simple, although the packer requires a certain amount of experience.

The bunch is first of all wrapped in a sheet of cotton wool, which serves the double purpose of protecting the fruit and of absorbing any moisture which it may give off.

It is then inclosed in a sheet of thin paper to keep the wool in position, and placed in a rough but strongly-made wooden crate, in which a supply of "trash" has been placed.

More "trash" is packed on top of the bunch, but just so lightly and in just such a quantity as will keep the bunch firmly in position, and yet be resilient enough to give, should the whole receive a jerk in the course of transit.

Finally, the top of the crate is nailed on, and marked with a number of crosses. These crosses indicate the size of the bunch; and the distinguishing mark of the shipper is also branded on the crate.

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# THE OLD OLD STORY

## TOLD IN PHOTOGRAPHS

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

HE.

SHE.

BRIBERY.

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OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

WHO IS IT?

OH, YOU . . . . !

HER FIRST LOVE LETTER.

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A RUDE AWAKENING.

ANGRY.

FORGIVE!

HAPPY FOR EVER AFTER.

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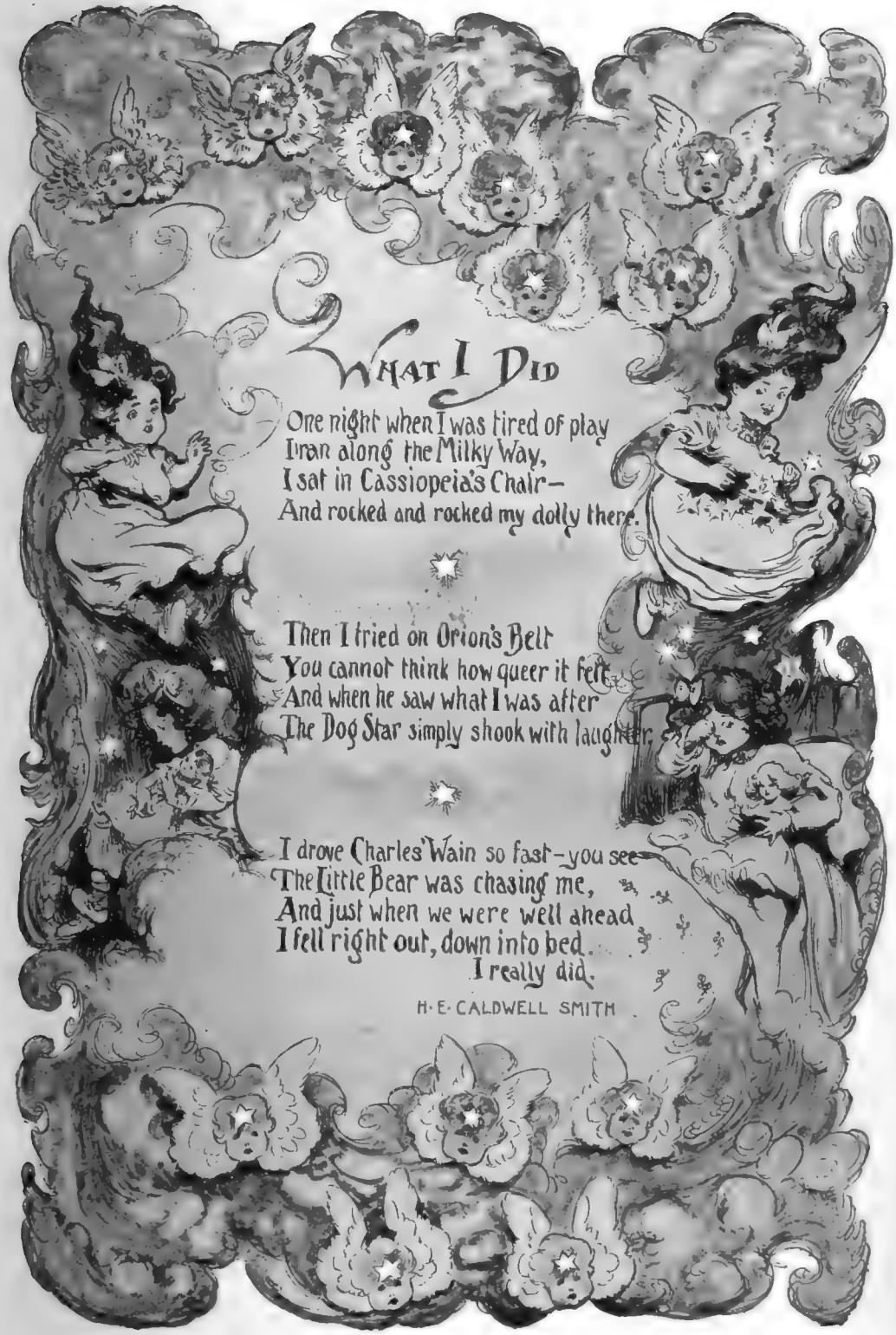

# What I Did

One night when I was tired of play
I ran along the Milky Way,
I sat in Cassiopeia's Chair—
And rocked and rocked my dolly there.

Then I tried on Orion's Belt
You cannot think how queer it felt.
And when he saw what I was after
The Dog Star simply shook with laughter.

I drove Charles' Wain so fast—you see
The Little Bear was chasing me,
And just when we were well ahead
I fell right out, down into bed.
I really did.

H. E. CALDWELL SMITH

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# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN M.P.

*An Authentic Description of an M.P.'s Daily Toil, Which Shows Conclusively that Parliamentary Life is no Sinecure.*

By Robert Lacey Everett, M.P.

Take to-day as an example.

I lodge rather more than a mile from the House. Breakfast over, I walked to it by Parliament Street. Safely guarded by the police at the crossing at the end, I entered Palace Yard. Big Ben pointed to 10.20 as I reached the Members' entrance, by the passage that runs parallel with Westminster Abbey. Exchanged friendly greeting with the guardian in blue who has that entrance in charge. At the far end of the passage are swing doors, which yield on being pushed. Most of our doors are like this. Then on to the great mat inside, where another policeman is on guard, and where in the corner the boy shoeblack waits to black shoes that need polishing.

I turn to the left, then sharp to the right through more swing doors into the cloak corridor, once the cloisters of the old St. Stephen's Chapel and which are many centuries old. These run round an open square. Pegs for Members' coats, hats, etc., arranged in alphabetical order, and with the name of each Member over each, run round these cloisters. Exchange morning greetings with the officials on guard here, and hang coat and hat in their place. Back through the doors by which we entered, and to the right up the broad stone stairs, which lead, by a succession of short flights and landings, to the swing doors, through which we pass to the Members' Lobby, as we call the lofty square hall through which we pass to the House. On either side of these Lobby doors are the seats where the Whips sit when the House is in Session to keep us from going away if our votes are likely to be needed.

I make straight for the House, which is on the left, open the doors of it and pass in, walking up the floor in the centre to the table in front of the Speaker's chair. On this table cards are kept on which Members desiring to secure certain seats for themselves write their names, and lay them on the seats they wish for, if these are not already appropriated. We sign two cards, a large one and a small one. I see there have been a few early birds before me, but the seat I generally occupy is clear. So I put my cards on it.

Dusters and menders, male and female, are at work in the House as I enter and leave. Back in the Lobby I go to the Post Office, which is in one corner, for my letters. The civil attendant, who knows us all by sight, goes to the pigeon-hole with the letter with which my name begins over it. He brings out a large bundle, quickly runs through it, and picks me out my letters. If there are but half-a-dozen I am delighted. Sometimes they run into scores!

More guardians of order and other M.P.'s are in the Lobby. Exchange greeting with

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them. Then away through more swing doors and past more constables into one of the five libraries, there to deal with my letters. Each of these rooms has its librarian ready to give us any information or assistance we need. And in each room are a number of tables on which are inkstands and pens, blotting pads, and paper and envelopes. These are the only things provided for us free. Our stamps we have to buy, and they run into a good deal of money!

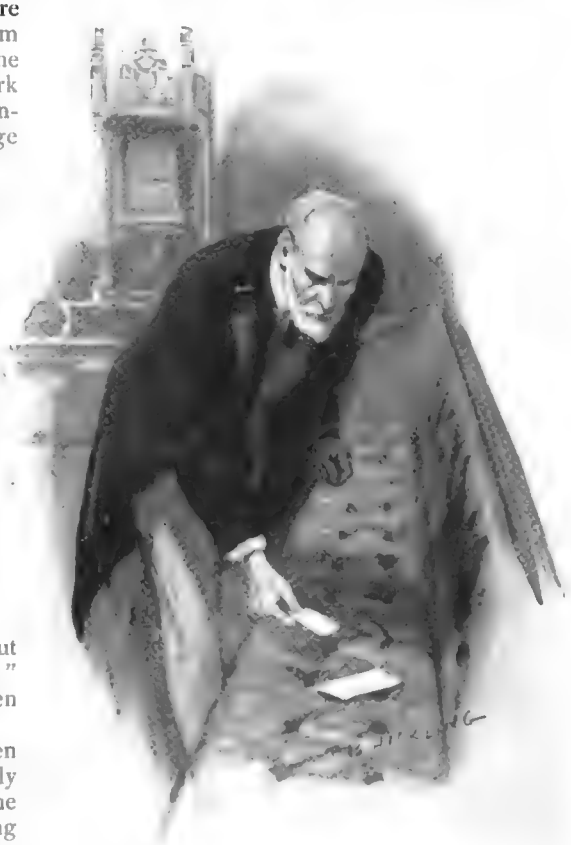
I note how by force of habit Members make for particular seats. So to work on the morning's letters. How thankful we are when, on opening a letter, we find only printed matter in it, of which a great deal of all kinds is sent to us. Just a glance through this, and, in most cases, into the waste basket it goes. Some are notices of committee and other meetings we are asked to attend; some want us to make speaking and other engagements, and must be answered; others ask for subscriptions; some for tickets for the Gallery to hear debates; some are important business letters, and some—more pleasant—are family letters and letters from friends. If we have been speaking in the House we have "proofs" to correct, a work which, to frequent speakers, consumes considerable time. My letters on an average take two hours or so daily to deal with.

The writing that is going on wherever there is table room in the libraries and corridors of the House (of which the numbers seem endless), and this from ten in the morning till the House rises at eleven at night or later, is wonderful to see. A great many M.P.'s in this present House write for the Press. Others are preparing speeches, are consulting past debates or reports, pen in hand, and are busy making copious notes. All this studying and writing has to be done between times when we can be spared from the House itself, which goes on continuously with business without any stop from 2.45 in the afternoon to eleven or twelve at night. The tap is set running when we begin, and the stream of talk runs on without ever ceasing till the welcome cry "Home!" "Who goes home?" goes up at night when the House is adjourned.

But to go back to myself. When eleven came, though my letters were not nearly done, I had to leave off and go to the Speaker's secretary's office down a long passage, to sign as one balloting for tickets for the Strangers' Gallery. So great is the pressure for tickets in this House that we have to do this every day now, balloting for a week forward. We never know who will be wanting tickets. Next I had to go to the office of one of our great departments near by—that of the Local Government Board—to interview, in company with another M.P., the Right Hon. John Burns, concerning an important local matter in which my county was interested. Found the President in his fine office, and hard at work. Was most courteously received. Laid the matter fully before him. Found him well up in it (both he and his permanent officials), and left pleased with the interview.

To the House again with my friend at twelve. Had there some private business with him, which we did in the little room (opening out of the cloak corridor) in which Oliver Cromwell and the others signed the death warrant of Charles I.

It is now one o'clock. A little more letter-writing till two, then go to the newspaper-room, where the London and leading



Cards are kept on which Members desiring to secure certain seats write their names, and lay them on the seats.

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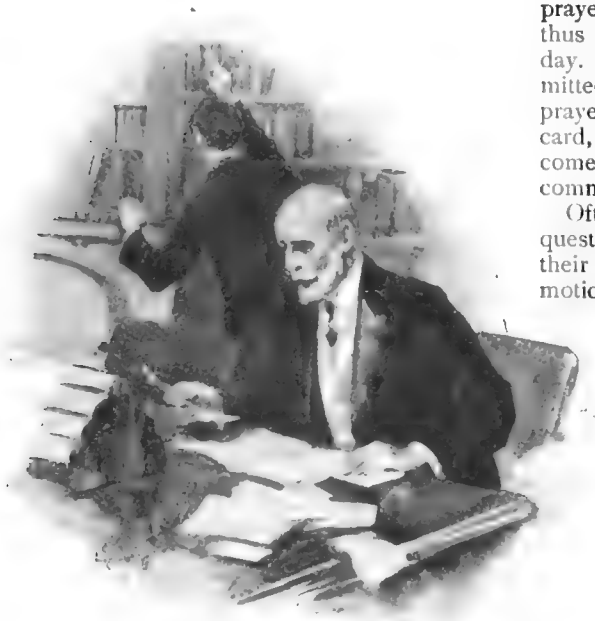
provincial papers are to be had. Find my own local paper. Get with it into one of the many easy-chairs, draw it near the grand fire which is kept there, and thoroughly enjoy a rest and a quiet read. Numbers of other members are doing the same, while others, again, are seen escorting parties of strangers of both sexes through this and the tearoom and the libraries, and other parts of the House which are not open to strangers when the House is sitting.

Presently an M.P. comes and whispers to me: "Can you kindly set me up with an order for to-day? I have constituents come, and I can't get tickets."

I look at those I have. Alas! none of them are for to-day, so I cannot oblige my friend.

It is now 2.30. I go to the Bill office to get our marching orders for to-day. Meet and pass many other M.P.'s on like errand.

Back to newspaper room to look through papers just obtained describing what will be the day's business. Then to the House. Pass on the way, waiting in the Members' Lobby, groups of M.P.'s and their friends drawn up ready to see the Speaker's procession, as it will pass presently through on the way to the House. Go in myself to the House just before 2.45, and make for the seat where I had left my card.



**Then away . . . into one of the five libraries, there to deal with my letters.**

Other members are arriving. Exchange friendly greeting with immediate neighbours on my bench, generally, but not always, the same. Presently a servant enters, and, bowing low, cries, "Speaker"; then withdraws. As Mr. Speaker, the Serjeant-at-Arms, with the Mace, and the Chaplain, enter, we all stand up. The procession passes along the floor below us, all bowing low at different stations as they pass to the table. The Serjeant-at-Arms lays the Mace in its place there and retires.

As the Speaker passes us, we bow, too. He passes to the left of the table, the Chaplain to the right. Then, standing opposite one another, they bow to one another and mount to their places at the far end of it, standing with backs to the Chair, the Chaplain at the left and the Speaker at the right. The former reads the 67th Psalm, and the Speaker says "Amen." Then we all wheel round, where we stand for the prayers—very beautiful and suitable they are, too—which follow, the Chaplain again leading, the Speaker acting as clerk.

Directly these are finished, the Speaker mounts to his proper chair, and the Chaplain—bowing as he goes—backs out.

We put the little cards on which we had written our names into the brass slot provided for the purpose at the back of our seats, and then sit down. We must be in at prayers to have the right to do this. The card thus in, that seat is ours for the rest of the day. If, however, we are serving on committees it is not necessary for us to be in at prayers. Members so serving use a pink card, which they put in the slot when they come to the House, before going up to the committee rooms.

Often directly after prayers and before questions begin, Members go out to sign their names for the ballot for right to move motions on that day fortnight, which ballots are taken twice a week in the first half of every session, viz., on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Questions last till 3.45. We generally all stay in for them. Some of them and their answers are very interesting. Before they were over to-day I had a card passed along the bench to me, stating that two gentlemen wanted to see me outside, desiring tickets for the Strangers' Gallery.

What was I to do?

I hadn't any, and I knew that none were to be had at the office where we ballot. So I asked a neighbour on

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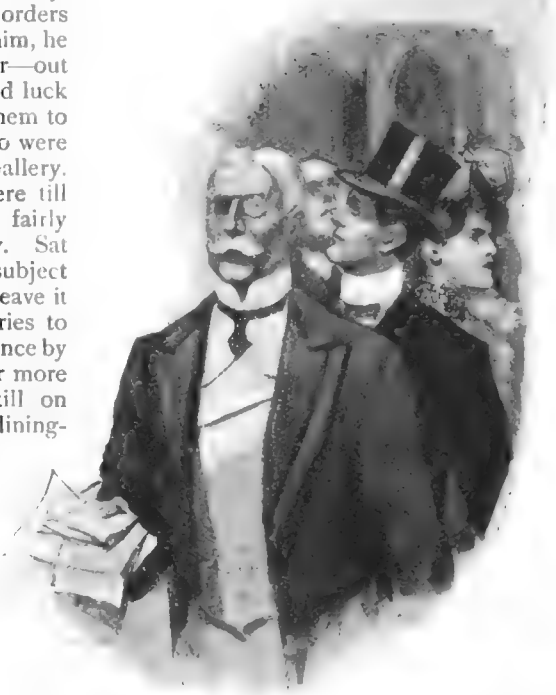
my bench if he could oblige me. We often help one another in this way. He hesitated. He wasn't sure. He would look. He looked in his pocket-book—his were for another day. But, he said, he believed he had more orders in his locker. If I would go out with him, he would see. So—bowing to the Speaker—out we went, and searched, and by great good luck he had just what I wanted and gave them to me. I carried them to my visitors, who were thus able at once to get places in the Gallery.

Then back to my seat. Stayed there till questions were ended, and we were fairly started discussing votes for the Navy. Sat and listened a little while, then, the subject being out of my depth, determined to leave it for the experts. So back to the libraries to write again. Got through correspondence by six. Then back to the House to hear more of the debate. Listened awhile—still on Navy votes—then off to one of the dining-rooms of the House for a meal. Pleasant chat during the meal with an Irish member who has much that is interesting to tell me of what is going on behind the scenes in regard to the questions shortly coming before us, and of the bearings of them on the question of how long this Parliament will probably last.



A great many Members have much of their time taken up almost every week in showing constituents round the buildings before the House assembles.

Dinner over, back to the House. Still on Navy estimates; then, presently, to Army estimates, as to which I am equally at sea! So to the newspaper-room a little while, for a look at the evening papers.

After this short rest, I go to the library and there start to write this article, interrupted twice by the bells ringing to summon us to a division. Arrived at the House for this, our whips tell us which way to vote. Each division takes a little over ten minutes. The third time of summoning, at 10.30, I find to my amazement when I get to the House that it is empty, and no division on. What does it mean? Members tell me the debate suddenly collapsed, so the Government obtained its votes forthwith, and we are now to go home instead of waiting till 11. We are not at all sorry.

I chat with a few Members, gather my papers together, and then home to bed and to sleep without rocking.

This was my Parliamentary day, lasting just twelve hours. We know nothing of eight-hour days here. Twelve is a short day with us.

When interesting debates are on, a much larger part of the day is spent in the House itself than I spent to-day.

Each member has, as a rule, his own particular pet subjects, which, when they are on, require watching. On some, very likely, he will desire to speak. Perhaps he will have to sit watching for hours before he can get his chance. Often, about eight o'clock, only those Members who are wishing to speak are on the benches, the rest being away at dinner. Not an inspiring audience for a nervous man!

A great many Members have much of their time taken up almost every week in showing constituents round the buildings before the House assembles. The full round occupies two hours. Some, who are smokers, repair to the several smoking-rooms, in which there is a happy blending of parties, and where several useful hints may often be picked up. A good deal of reading, too, of magazines and general literature is done in the libraries when nothing particular is on in the House.

Then, beginning about March, committees

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for consideration of Bills, public and private, are set up. These sit at 11.30 or 12 in the forenoon, and often sit till the business of the House starts. When we are serving on these, our days are very fully occupied. We often then take our letters up to the Committee-rooms and work on them as we can while still listening to what is going on.

When specially important debates are on in the House, we spend as many hours as we can listening to them. We find plenty to fill up our time and as a rule we go home weary at the week's end.

But it is, too, a very interesting life. Those who once enjoy a sample of it want to keep on with it, and would always keep Members if they could. You are at the centre, and in touch with all that is most notable that is going on.

Some of the rich Members leave the House for an hour or two most days to dine.

Many Members, too, have speaking engagements, which take them out of the House for some hours, or, as in by-elections, for days. Then some have practice in the Law Courts, and others have business engagements in the City which occupy some hours before they get down to the House.

The Ministers all have a lot of work to do in their respective offices before they come to the House. They are very hard worked indeed. They have special rooms in the House, too, where they do a good deal of the work of their departments when they can be spared from the Chamber. We go and interview them there sometimes about various matters.

In truth, the House is like a barracks in the multitude of the rooms and passages in it. When the bells ring for a division you see Members appearing from all directions, like ants when their nests have been disturbed, and streaming along the passages to the division lobbies. Many of them have been disturbed at their meals. Sometimes—happily, not very often—we are called away as many as three times before a meal is finished.

Members and their friends—chiefly ladies—are to be seen in hundreds . . . at the little tea-tables with which the terrace is . . . covered between five and eight.

When the summer comes, tea on the terrace becomes a very popular institution. Members and their friends—chiefly ladies—are to be seen in hundreds here at the little tea-tables with which the terrace is then covered between the hours of five and eight. Few treats that Members are able to give their friends are so much appreciated as an invitation to tea here.

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# WHAT A DAY BROUGHT FORTH

*How a Little Child . . Reconciled . . a Brother and Sister.*

By Ellen Ada Smith.

The atmosphere of a November day does not improve the purlieus of Tottenham Court Road, and it was in rather a frosty humour that Miss Nevinson walked up the steps of her tenement house and viewed it for the first time. It was very large, having been originally a place of business, and was as ugly outside and inside as poverty-stricken inmates could make it.

For the first time Miss Nevinson had decided to collect her own rents, for there were several backsliders whom her usual agent, a truculent greengrocer of the name of Rance, had decided must be sent packing with no further days of grace. For Rance had no confidence whatever in his client's ability to deal out the necessary hardness, although she herself had the most innocent belief in her own inflexibility.

Now the first defaulter on Miss Nevinson's black list was Mrs. Jelf, a grass widow, whose drinking husband was temporarily shut up for the good of his neighbours in general, and his wife in particular. Guided to Mrs. Jelf's door by the smell of extremely hot irons—for she was a laundress—and bidden to enter, the landlady was received into a chaos of drying and airing clothes.

There were children in every corner, and the mainspring of all this industry was a little, worn woman, thin to attenuation. She was evidently striving so desperately to fill her children's mouths and keep a roof over their heads, that Miss Nevinson felt her determination disappearing into the steam-laden atmosphere. She was not really a hard woman, although often a bitter one, and she could no more have taken the mother's last few shillings from her than she could have struck one of the children. It would have been taking blood-money, and she remembered those who grind the faces of the poor.

She left the room, followed by the woman's grateful sobs. But this was a feeble beginning, and calculated to bear out Rance's contemptuous opinion of her as one of the weaker vessels without moral force to insist upon her own. Under the stimulus of his certain displeasure, she felt a reaction into sharpness which would give her power to deal with the German tailor who had the money, but with it a constitutional dislike of paying his debts.

On knocking at his door she was not bidden to enter, but a shuffling step approached, and the door was opened wide enough to admit a customer but not a rent collector. Two sharp eyes peered at her, and were deluded by her femininity into believing her a lady client in search of a tailor-made gown.

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Evidently here was no guile, but a promising customer, so Mr. Wassmer yielded the right of way with an ingratiating bow and removed his tailor's goose from the one available chair. His room was close with the smell of cloth and stuffy owing to a tightly-closed window. He wore a *négligé* that might once have been a great-coat or a dressing-gown, but the incredible shabbiness of this garment did not detract from a certain Continental grace of manner.

"And vot is your bleasure, matam?"

Now, this room was not full of hungry children, and Wassmer looked marvellously well-nourished, so Miss Nevinson plumped out the truth with real enjoyment. She produced the canvas bag made familiar to the victims by Mr. Rance, and opened it with determination.

"I am your landlady, and my pleasure is the rent, Mr. Wassmer!"

He stepped back, as though the bag had been a missile, and he cursed Fate which had sent him so peremptory a demand note in so deceptive a guise. But after the first shock he recovered his wits, for, after all, women had tender hearts, whereas the intolerable Rance possessed feelings of granite.

"My goot lady! there is a trifle owing, and I pay a leetle, for times are bad—ver' bad. Vork is scarce, and to-day I employ me de first time for veeks—but I pay a leetle all the same."

He made this offer with the air of a generous philanthropist, but Miss Nevinson was not one whit impressed.

"You are a month behind, Mr. Wassmer. I want payment up to date, if you please."

"It is not bossible," replied Wassmer firmly, "not bossible. I am poor mans—ver' unfortunate—but I pay you a leetle."

He brought out this conclusion with apparently the most triumphant faith in it, but he found his landlady strangely hard to move.

"You are not poor; you are simply a miser, and you must either pay your rent or find some sort of an almshouse for able-bodied men."

Now, to move was the very last thing in Wassmer's thoughts; he had a good connection in the neighbourhood, and, being an excellent tailor, was doing well. His face fell grievously.

"I am a goot tenant," he explained eagerly; "I leeve quiet; I keep meinself to meinself. I am but poor—but I pay you a leetle all de same."

"You will pay me every penny owing," observed Miss Nevinson quietly. "I shall sit here on this chair until you do."

Mr. Wassmer became agitated, for this was carrying matters too far. This female dragon was really worse in her persistence than Rance himself.

"You may gome here," he cried; "yes, you may gome here, but you must not be rude."

"I hope I am never rude, and you have an excellent and effective way of getting rid of me."

She settled herself and began looking out of the window with a resolution that baffled Mr. Wassmer entirely. Driven to it at last, and in painful depression of spirits, he produced half the demanded sum, but finding Miss Nevinson prepared to sit there apparently until doomsday, he reluctantly and slowly produced the whole amount.

"You are a hard lady," he admonished her, more in sorrow than in anger, "a ver' hard lady!"

And Miss Nevinson, remembering Rance's little faith in her determination, and the relieved Mrs. Jelf ironing away with a good heart, smiled herself out of the room and vanished from the irate gaze of the miserly tailor. Next on the list was Mrs. Krebbs, who was German, like the tailor, and, like him, a clothier of the human form; here the resemblance ended, for she was of a robust honesty which could tolerate no form of indebtedness.

"I wish all my tenants were like you," said Miss Nevinson; "it has taken me nearly an hour to terrify Mr. Wassmer into paying his money."

Mrs. Krebbs shook her fist in the air.

"That Wassmer! I am his compatriot—nodings more. He is mean—dat man! Look you! One day he say to me: 'Mrs. Krebbs, you and I we marry together, vot?' He say that just because I should sew and cook for him, and haf no wages—not one *pfennig*. I say: 'No, Wassmer, for I was not born a fool any more than you.' It was not vorth my trouble to tell him that Krebbs is still alive."

"Your husband! then is he——"

"He is abroad," said Mrs. Krebbs, with a wide and careless gesture signifying complete indifference. "They tell me he is married to somebody else, and I say let her haf him; she is welcome."

From this genial and impartial statement Miss Nevinson inferred that Krebbs' room was preferable to his company, and Mrs. Krebbs confirmed this heartily.

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"Let her haf him," she repeated generously. "As for me, I vork until I can vork no longer, and then I die. There is just enough sewn into the bosom of my frock to bury me."

Mrs. Krebbs' figure was no heroic one, neither were her sentiments anent Krebbs quite orthodox, but there was a cheerful strength and patience about her in the enduring of a hard lot that made Miss Nevinson feel sentimental again. She realised that her tenement house was rich in many practical virtues, and well worth her continued study and appreciation, even if her visits made her poorer in pocket, as she foresaw that they would, for Rance had summed her up, and was not far out in his reckoning.

But her last application was to prove the most eventful of all, and as she tapped at Mr. Lennan's door nothing warned her of the shock to come.

A quiet voice gave her permission to enter, and the man rose to his feet when he saw that the visitor was a lady. In spite of the room being cold and fireless he had no coat on, and as he faced her with a blank look of inquiry some relentless memory drove the healthy blood from her cheeks and lips. She knew him first, for a man's face alters less than a woman's, and if the shock had not mastered her she would have gone away, for here was the root of all her bitterness, the brother who had not only ruined, but disgraced his family.

"You are James!" she faltered. It was no cry of affection, but one forced from her by painful surprise.

"Then you must surely be—and yet you are too old to be my sister!" said James.

Arrested by his doubt, he studied her intently, and his words stung her, for she was very womanly.

"You are a hard lady," he admonished her, more in sorrow than in anger, "a ver' hard lady!"

"My name is Nevinson."

He advanced eagerly, with outstretched hands, but her eyes and her voice held him off:

"Don't, James! I have never forgiven; I can't forgive!"

He stopped short, and the light of recognition slipped from his face, leaving it wearily patient and cold.

"Very well, Millicent—but won't you sit down?"

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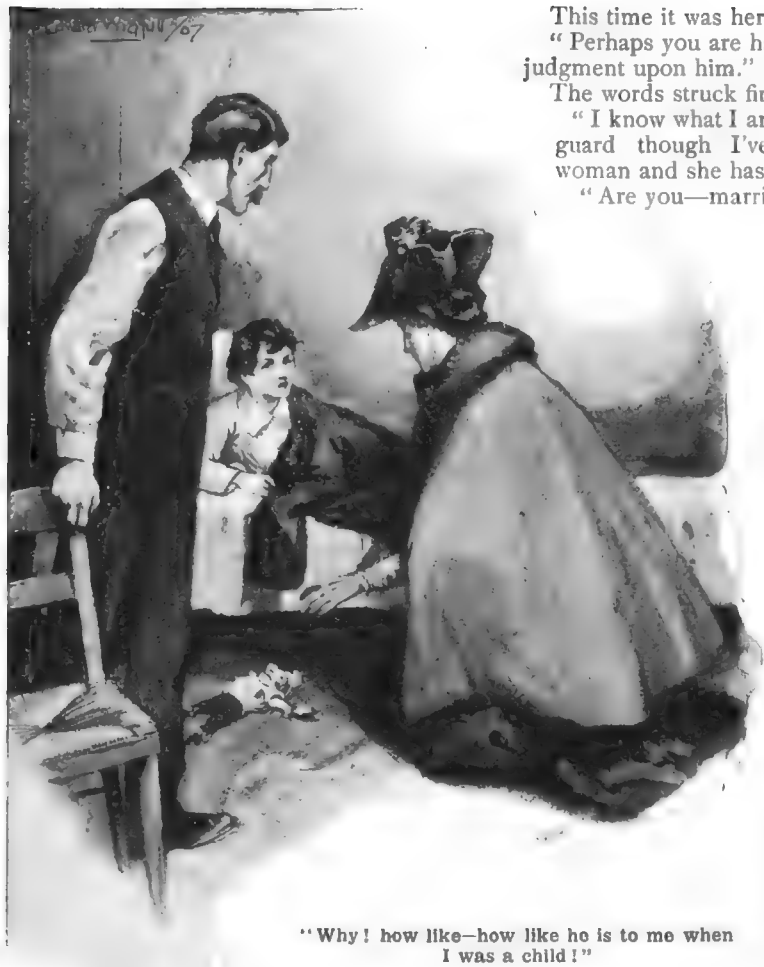

"Why! how like—how like he is to me when I was a child!"

He placed a chair by the empty hearth; she sat down, for she was trembling, and the silence lay heavy between them. The man broke it first.

"You are alone, Millicent? Our mother died some years ago? I do know that much."

"Yes, she is dead; you broke her heart."

He winced, for life had punished him more than she realised.

"And yours, too, for I suppose Graham wouldn't marry a convict's sister?"

"You are quite right, only young hearts do not break; they harden."

"He was never worthy of you," said her brother contemptuously; "if he had been he would have stuck to you. The only person he loved was himself."

This time it was her turn to wince.

"Perhaps you are hardly qualified to sit in judgment upon him."

The words struck fire out of him.

"I know what I am speaking of. Blackguard though I've been, I've loved a woman and she has loved me."

"Are you—married?"

"Widowed, and the most lonely man upon earth except for my boy."

A sudden swift jealousy of him made her cruel, as perhaps only a woman can be.

"You have a son? Then you were wise to change your name."

He struck his hand passionately on the table. "Thank God! the justice of the world doesn't lie in the hands of women; they are as narrow as the strait gate, and merciless in their judgment. Because a man has been a sinner, *is* a sinner, if you like, they would deny him all consolation. At least, many would; but I found one to love and believe in me in spite of everything."

The fire kindled in him died down suddenly, as though his vital force were low, and she suddenly realised how cold and bare the room was.

"Why are you without your coat?" she questioned sharply, "and why is there no fire?"

He shrugged his shoulders, but his glance travelled to a camp bedstead, and for the first time she noticed his coat spread out as though to cover something. At the same moment there was a stir under the coat, and a child's voice called "Daddy!"

They both rose to their feet, but the woman was there first, with a flutter at her heart of pain and indescribable longing. The four-year-old boy raised himself on his elbow and looked shyly at the stranger, who, although so pale and unsmiling, invited his confidence.

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Miss Nevinson felt that she was looking into a mirror where, afar off, a little child whom she remembered well was coming to meet her.

"Why! how like—how like he is to me when I was a child!"

"Yes, the likeness is striking; I have often noticed it."

"He is ridiculously like me—like what I used to be," she corrected herself, and then the housewife woke in her, and a mothering tenderness for the little child.

"His feet are cold; why is there no fire; and where do you keep the coal and wood?"

"I have neither; times have been bad with me lately, but some money is due to me this evening. We shall be cooking a hot supper presently."

But she was already out of the room and downstairs, commissioning Mrs. Jelf's eldest to fetch as many bundles of wood as she could carry. Laden with the wood, Miss Nevinson appeared again, and in a few moments the boy was laughing with glee at the bright, crackling flames rushing up the chimney.

Taking the child in her arms she bared his feet and held them to the cheerful warmth, and as they sat there in the glow the father seemed somehow excluded, and he remained by the table.

"How do you live?" she asked.

"I am a journalist, for at least I know life. Sometimes I do well, and at others Dick and I have lean times. My health is uncertain."

She half moved to make room for him, but the movement was no cordial one.

"I take it that Dick is not very strong; he does not look so."

His father glanced uneasily at Dick, rejoicing at the reckless blaze. He was hugging a disreputable Punch, which seems the only sort of doll permitted to a man-child, and chattering to it in the excess of his rapture.

"Dick does pretty well; he gets colds; so did you if you remember."

"That may be, but I can remember, too, that I was much fatter. Dick, wouldn't you like to be as plump as young auntie was once upon a time?"

Dick nestled to her, drawn by the force of mutual attraction and the alluring softness of the fur upon her coat.

"Where is my young auntie?"

"Gone away, never to come back, but old auntie is here. She has you in her arms; won't you love her?"

No motherless child could have resisted her impassioned appeal. The two were so lost in each other that the man outside the warmth was for the time forgotten. He watched them jealously, seeing how the mothering tenderness of the childless woman wrapped round his son and shut him away from his father. The fear of what was coming, the shadow of irreparable loss and loneliness fell visibly upon him.

In the very lap of comfort and lulled by the warmth Dick fell asleep, and the cherished Punch slipped unheeded from his hold. Without removing her eyes from the little face, so like the child she remembered, Miss Nevinson addressed the outsider.

"To judge by appearances you find it difficult to provide adequately for yourself and the child?"

Her coldness made him cold; moreover, he knew where she was leading, and a helpless sense of coming defeat made his heart ache intolerably.

"I do the best I can; I don't think Dick suffers as yet."

"But you do when you have to take off your coat to keep him warm; you would be less hampered without him?"

There was no pity for him in her words; she was merely stating the case and stating it against him. The pitiless voice went on, for she could only think of him as she had thought of him for years, as a man too selfish and unprincipled to have much care for any.

"You had better let me have him. Cousin Ann left me all her property, so that I can feed and clothe and educate Dick well. I will do my very best for him, and, of course, you can see him once a week, or oftener if it suits your convenience."

She did not look at him or she would have realised her own cruelty. She wanted the child, yearned for it, and so did he, because in the maimed and wasted soul the sacred joys and responsibilities of fatherhood were slowly redeeming him. It was this saving grace which prompted the supreme sacrifice, and for Dick's sake he knew he must let the light of his life pass from him. Distress of mind made him dumb before this woman who had hardened out of knowledge, yet he did not make the mistake of fearing that Dick would find her untender.

"Let me have him!" she repeated insistently. "He ought to belong to me because he is so like me as I was. Remember it is you who have made me a childless woman."

Here was the root of the bitterness, and



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he saw that even now she grudged him the fuller life that had been his in spite of everything. Her arms were empty, while he had a son to call him father, and no sinful past or present could alter this.

There was a long silence in which he tried to think what the daily struggle of life would be without Dick. There would be no longer any purpose in the days; nothing to shorten the hours and bring the evening rest, with no little, loved body to undress and put to sleep. But also the chief anxiety of ways and means would be lifted from him, and Dick would never know what it was to be hungry and cold. The sacrifice was worth making—must be made—but he was unprepared for the shock of so sudden a leave-taking, when Miss Nevinson suggested that it would be better to remove the child while he slept and so avoid the pain of parting. Here again she conquered, for the fire was burning low and it would be cold when he woke.

After giving him her address she asked him to get a cab. While he was gone upon this errand she gloated upon her new treasure; she was so centred upon it and so oblivious of anything outside the warmth of her own emotions that not until James Nevinson bent down to kiss the child in her arms did she feel any pity for the one to be left behind.

She saw the muscles of his mouth quiver, and wished him good-bye with more kindness as she hurried away to get Dick all to herself. Half-way down the stairs she remembered the dilapidated Punch, and knew unerringly that the new quarters would seem all the more fascinating to Dick if his familiar plaything graced them. Smiling at her own foresight she turned and went swiftly upstairs again.

Without knocking she entered the room, and then she understood why James Nevinson had allowed her to go alone out of the house, for he had thrown himself upon the poor bed and was sobbing his heart out over his boy's old, broken toy. Sinner as he had been, repentant or unrepentant as he might be, still, the woman recognised heart-breaking, unselfish grief when she saw it.

Moreover, she realised that here was suffering which no trial of hers had ever equalled; his life had been fuller and his redemption would be greater than hers whose feet had never strayed from lawful ways. Such grief was in itself holy ground where the Spirit moved and there was forgiveness of sins. A great fount of pity and comprehension welled up in her heart and washed away bitterness. She forgot the faults of his manhood to remember only that as children of one father they had loved one another, and that each had forgiven the childish trespasses of the other through all the happy days of youth.

Listening to those great, tearing sobs, she felt how her own hardness had caused them, and Dick, roused by the sounds of distress, woke to hold out his arms and call upon his father's name. Startled from his grief, and well nigh exhausted by it, the man looked up, and the mothering tenderness which had been for Dick alone, embraced him also and fell like healing upon his wounds.

"James! I was hard and very cruel! Let us forgive each other. Come home, dear, and take care of Dickie and me."

## THE HAMMER AND THE NAIL.

**She stood upon a kitchen chair,**
**The hammer in her hand—**
**Her snowy brow o'ercast by care—**
**Her aim, you'll understand,**
**Being to show the scornful male**
**The way a woman hits a nail.**

**"The men may say just what they like,**
**I do not care a rap;**
**For once, at least, I'm on the strike."**
**She gave the wall a tap:**
**"I'll hit that nail upon the head,**
**Or know the reason why," she said.**

**She noted the position where**
**The picture ought to hang;**
**Then, standing on the kitchen chair,**
**She gave a mighty bang**
**And hit right in the centre, plumb,**
**The nail that grew upon her thumb!**

**Ada Leonora Harris.**

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# What Tommy Did.

*Did Tommy ever prove himself*
*A wicked and presumptuous kid?*
*Whatever mischief boy could do,*
*He did.*

*Did Tommy's mother make one day*
*An almond cake, which cake she hid,*
*By placing it within a box?*
*She did.*

*Did Tommy, seeking for that cake,*
*Go to the box and raise the lid?*
*And when he saw it, did he smile?*
*He did.*

*Then, did he, with the almond cake,*
*Sit down some shady trees amid?*
*And did he finish all the cake?*
*He did.*

*Did Tommy walk into the house,*
*When of the cake he had got rid,*
*A look of woe upon his face?*
*He did.*

*Did Tommy feel a pain within,*
*Ere he to fetch the cane was bid?*
*Then did he feel a pain without?*
*He did.*
*Herbert J. Brandon.*

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# A·FAMILY·FOG

*How Thick Weather Cleared Up a Misunderstanding.*

By G. B. Burgin

I.

The fog began to take possession of Highgate and Hampstead, to blot out the tops of the trees on West Hill. Presently, with characteristic impertinence, it extinguished the bishop's house as though it belonged to a mere ordinary layman. Fortunately, the bishop was not at home, and knew nothing of the outrage.

The rolling masses of fog, advancing with the steady sweep of an invading army, did not reassure "Jimmy" Lascelles as he gazed hopelessly towards West Hill. He knew that Millicent Charteris walked past the ponds every afternoon; he knew that he had no moral right to be there, he knew that his father and Mr. Charteris had quarrelled, and that they had decided that his love-dream—his and Milly's—must come to an end. But Jimmy, although a dutiful son within reason, was not one to abandon himself to despair. It had occurred to him that if Mr. Charteris would not allow Milly to come to that Bohemian dinner of "The Wanderers" in the evening, he might perhaps see her on this particular afternoon and explain what he somewhat vaguely called his "views." He had already explained them to himself in language which was

Painful and frequent and free,

for without Milly the dinner would prove to be a despicable failure so far as his own personal enjoyment was concerned.

Now that it was a race between Milly and the fog, Jimmy felt sure that his customary good luck had deserted him; but, just as he smothered a groan, he heard an eager exclamation of "Jimmy! Jimmy!" and Millicent Charteris, glowing with health and beauty, came towards him.

"Thank goodness!" Jimmy held her hands as though he meant never to let them go again. "'Standing on the bridge at midnight, when the clocks are striking the hour, and the thingumbob comes up behind the old church tower,' is nothing to what I've gone through for the last two hours."

"But you ought not to have waited for me, Jimmy!" (Milly gently withdrew her hands from his eager clasp) "though it was very sweet of you all the same. You—you haven't come to say good-bye?"

"Good-bye? Not much. I strolled up here for a few minutes, just to tell you that I shan't eat any dinner to-night unless you come."

"That's very noble of you, Jimmy, dear, but I shall not permit such a—such a sacrifice. This last week without you has seemed a year. Daddy asked for you once, then

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pulled himself up and glared at me, but I pretended not to notice anything. He's really very fond of you, Jimmy."

"Funny way of showing it. If you ask my candid and unbiassed opinion, I really don't see why parents were ever invented."

"You know very well I didn't ask it, Jimmy." The lovely girl gazed sadly into the sullen water of the pond. "I suppose if they hadn't been, we shouldn't have been either."

"Hadn't been what?"

"Invented. They go back further than we do, Jimmy; and—and they know more."

"They think they do. Don't waste your lovely eyes looking into that beastly water, my dearest, but——"

"You mustn't call me 'dearest,' Jimmy."

"Why not?"

"For several reasons. Don't you see it implies that there are two other girls—one who is dear and the other dearer, or I couldn't be dearest."

"A man can't go through the world without having had experiences," said the handsome, Roman-nosed boy of twenty-two. "If I've had only two at my age, it speaks pretty well for my strength of character."

"Yes, I dare say, Jimmy. That is moderate enough for a man. Of course, a girl is expected to have more."

"More what?"

"Experiences."

Jimmy Lascelles took her hand.

"My dearest, you're the lasting experience; the other two were just trial trips, as it were. I thought they weren't; but, somehow, it's different with you. Why, if you were to tell me to jump into the water—even though I've these swagger clothes on—I'd do it for you. I wouldn't have done it for those other girls."

Milly was touched, for Jimmy thought a good deal of his clothes. He sometimes even wore a blue watch-chain to match his eyes. She glanced at his handsome, well-knit figure, his adorable little moustache in its first innocent, tender bloom of youth, and sighed:

"If you did, I don't think this stray dog and myself could get you out again. Are you going back to dress for that 'Wanderers'' dinner?"

"Yes," said Jimmy, with a choke in his throat. "I'd got a new kind of dress shirt—invented it myself—which I did think would have pleased you, made you feel proud of me; but now, I don't even care whether the Press notice it or not. In the presence of our great trouble, how can we think of shirts?"

"Of course not." There was a ripple of laughter in the girl's equally blue eyes. "But, Jimmy, I don't like meeting you in this clandestine manner; it isn't 'playing the game' when our parents disapprove of it."

Jimmy was astonished.

"How can we be expected to change our minds as quickly as they do? We didn't know we were going to meet. I came here to—to hide my—my——"

"Pain," she suggested softly.

"I came here to swear at things," amended Jimmy, "and to wonder why my pater and yours were such asses as to quarrel. Why did they quarrel? They used to encourage us. Sit 'under the spreading chestnut-tree' and gloat over our loves, so to speak."

"You see, daddy was made a vice-chairman for this 'Wanderers' dinner, and your father wasn't, and, as it is the swagger—your word, Jimmy—dinner of the season, he feels badly about it. Then your father couldn't help showing how displeased he was when they met at the National Liberal; and daddy came home and said that you were an offensive young puppy, and that if he caught me speaking to you again there would be trouble."

"I—I suppose, for your sake, dearest, I must bear the insult with manly dignity and not call him out. Had any other man——"

"Yes, I know, Jimmy, dear; but you can't call out your future father-in-law, and if you did call he wouldn't return it."

"Dearest!"

"I—I didn't mean to say 'father-in-law,' Jimmy; like me, it slipped out."

"Well, there's no denying it's comforting," Jimmy admitted. "Seems to make things more real somehow. I suppose the old birds are going to the dinner?"

"You mean father and mother?"

"My mistake. I'm sorry. It is rather bad form to slang one's—relations."

"But they don't want to be your relations, Jimmy. Don't be so—so delicious."

They gazed into one another's eyes until Milly Charteris gently reminded him that he had to get down to Holland Park Road in time to dress for the "Wanderers" dinner.

"It's a good thing that we live on opposite sides of London, Jimmy. If the—the 'old birds' were to meet, they would go on pecking one another."

"Let 'em peck," said Jimmy gloomily. "We're going to this blessed dinner, and the

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old—your father and mother are going. You're to be left at home because I'm going. I'd stop at home with a toothache or something, so that you could go, but the dad says that if I don't show up and support him, he'll never speak to me again. You're the only one who hasn't done anything; and you're the only one to suffer. Don't see how I'm to show a brave front to the world in these distressing circumstances. I—I usually make a pretty good dinner, but, hungry as I am, grub would choke me now. It—it's so conspicuous. People are sure to notice it."

"Yes, dearest; but promise me to have two helpings of everything—for my sake. You must keep up your strength, Jimmy."

For her sweet sake, Jimmy Lascelles promised that he would hide his secret sorrow, and eat a good dinner.

"It's a dashed shame to leave you to this Cinderella sort of business," he said. "I've a good mind to break my leg or something, and fade away with words of sweet forgiveness on my lips until they send for you to nurse me, and save my life."

"They wouldn't send for me, Jimmy. They'd get in a lovely girl, all collar and cuffs and white apron, and she'd steal you away from me, and I should——"

"Yes, Milly? What would you do?"

The girl gave a little shiver. She was good and sweet and true; and she loved her father and mother very dearly. But, as is the manner of the young bird when old enough to leave the paternal nest, she had suddenly discovered that love is the most delicious thing in the world, and that it was her mission in life to love Jimmy. And though they both loved one another so dearly, Jimmy had never even kissed her. Something held them both back. The girl was proud: she liked to look the "old birds" in the face; and how could she look them in the face if she met Jimmy clandestinely and allowed him to kiss her?

"The hired coachman—father won't take his horses out on such a night—will have to get someone to lead his animals down West Hill," said Milly. "The fog is growing worse. I wouldn't mind missing the dinner if you weren't going."

Jimmy pulled himself together, for there was a distressful quiver of Milly's sweet lips.

"Something's bound to turn up," he said cheerily. "I'm not going to lose heart. And you won't forget me, dearest?"

"N-no, Jimmy. But even now father might get anxious on account of the fog, and come out to look for me:

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art —

I mean, it would be rather awkward if he discovered us down here."

"Ye-es, Milly. But I'll climb over everything. Nothing shall keep me from you. I'll be true to you even if I have to go into a garret and make my way by myself."

"And give up all this, Jimmy?" She laid her hand upon his gorgeous coat-sleeve.

"Ye-es. When a man loves as I do" —Jimmy threw out his chest, and gazed proudly at her- "he—he isn't stopped by trifles."

"Jimmy, you're a—dear."

"Milly, you're a—darling."

"Hush, you mustn't use such an extravagant word—yet."

She took a long look into Jimmy's ardent eyes, and was quickly swallowed by the gathering fog.

II.

Jimmy was a good deal chaffed about his elaborate shirt-front as he stood waiting in the reception-room at the "Cecil." But his clothes did not give him any satisfaction. He felt dull and dispirited; and as each guest arrived with wondrous tales of the dangers he, or she, had passed in the fog, he began to feel positively relieved that Milly was safely at home.

Owing to the fog, the dinner was postponed for an hour. Out of the three hundred and fifty guests, only a hundred and twenty ultimately appeared; and there were vast gaps in the seating arrangements until Jimmy, rousing himself, suggested to the head "Wanderer" that half the tables should be taken away in order to make the place took a little less like a battlefield. People began to thaw out, and the big drum of the Hungarian band—the other instruments, presumably, were lost in the fog, for they never appeared at all—looked so sad that his very dejection raised the spirits of the crowd.

It was Jimmy who discovered that the big drum man had an enormous capacity for making the most of himself, for he also played the piccolo and the violin, and shifted his seat from corner to corner in the hope that the guests would not recognise him, but think that the component parts of the band had duly arrived. And people, entering into the heroic optimism of the man, gravely

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"Ye-es. When a man loves as I do" —Jimmy threw out his chest, and gazed proudly at her—"he—he isn't stopped by trifles."

thanked him as they affected to believe he was someone else. Everyone, in fact, cheered up visibly when younger "Wanderers" began to bet that the big drum man would manage a solo on a different instrument in each corner of the room.

The proceedings became more and more informal as the evening went on. Mr. Charteris actually forgot his annoyance with his old friends, and bowed stiffly to them in the manner of one who sought an opportunity of holding out the olive-branch; but he still declined to recognise Jimmy, until the latter, seeing that he was on the verge of a breakdown from sheer nervousness, coached him in his speech and led the applause in a manner which would have softened the most Roman-hearted parent.

When Mr. Charteris sat down amid thunders of applause, he was rather shamefacedly conscious of all that Jimmy had done for him, of the lad's magnanimity, and inwardly resolved that this modern blood feud must be, as he said to himself, "nipped in the bud."

Then came a new thing in cinematographs, all beautiful, natural colours. Fortunately, the cinematograph had arrived at the "Cecil" before the fog, and declined to take any notice of it. In watching the tumbling waters of Niagara almost leap off the sheet into the room, the guests forgot the fog-fiend who awaited them outside, and it was with something of a shock that everyone, cloaked and hooded for departure, saw the link-boys in the courtyard, heard the shrill whistles for hansoms, and distressful cries for Mr. So-and-So's carriage.

Jimmy, still working hard to forget his troubles, tipped a waiter to find his father's carriage. The same man, greatly to Jimmy's annoyance, also received a tip from Mr. Charteris, and disappeared into the fog in search of both carriages. Presently Jimmy heard the waiter calling "Mr. Lascelles' carriage!" and hastily followed his father.

As the carriage drove up, only the horses' heads were visible. Jimmy, busily engaged in adjusting his mother's wraps, wondered casually at the difference the fog had made to the bays; they seemed a lighter colour, and not nearly so spirited as usual. Then it occurred to him that to wait about in the fog for several hours would damp the spirits of any horse. Bundling his father and mother into the carriage, he got in, and, curling himself up in a corner, went to sleep.

Every now and then Jimmy was awakened by the carriage stopping suddenly, as the hoarse toot of a motor-'bus came through the fog. Most of the time the horses walked. The thick, yellow fog crusted the windows and shut out the flaming torches, though it could not shut out the oaths of despairing cabmen, the wild shrieks of frightened women, the hoarse, loud cries of "Move along there! Move along!"

In the Strand the noise was deafening;

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but, after a little while, the tumult and the shouting died away, a holy calm succeeded, and the horses went so slowly that Jimmy once more fell asleep.

When Jimmy woke up again, the horses stopped with a jerk. He let down the window and looked out. The door opened, he found himself gazing at a house which was not his father's, but which certainly seemed familiar to him.

As he rubbed his eyes a beautiful girl in evening dress entered the hall and came anxiously forward.

"Make haste out of the fog, daddy," she cried cheerfully. "There's a nice hot supper waiting for you both after all your adventures, poor—w-w-what's this?"

"I—don't—know," said Jimmy. "This fog's turning my brain. How did you get here, Milly?"

She laughed almost hysterically.

"Did you d-do it purposely, Jimmy?"

"Do what? On my honour, I don't know what's happened, Milly. It's an Arabian Nights' business. We started for home, and here we are at Highgate."

Milly's eyes danced with merriment; then she became grave.

"Would you, just to oblige me, mind seeing whose parents are in that carriage? Strike a match, Jimmy. They seem to be still asleep."

Jimmy struck a match.

"They're mine sure enough," he said in awe-struck tones. "But what's become of yours? That fool of a waiter must have mixed up the carriages."

"I shall faint in a minute, Jimmy. I wonder whether they really have your carriage, and you have theirs."

"The man called out both, but ours came first, as I thought, and I was in such a hurry I —I didn't stop to make sure."

"What's to be done?"

"I don't know. P'raps I'd better wake 'em up."

He awoke his parents, who were both very cross and sleepy.

"My dear Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles, come in and get warm," said Milly. "You must be perished with cold, poor dears. This is no time for nonsense. Supper is ready."

Mr. Lascelles very hastily unwound his muffler.

"You cannot be unaware, Miss Charter——"

"It always used to be 'Milly' before this stupid misunderstanding," said Milly sweetly. "Don't you see that poor Mrs. Lascelles is tired out? Come in and have some warm soup directly."

She motioned to the butler to take their wraps, and led the way into the dining-room, where a big fire roared up the chimney.

"I cannot accept this hos——' began Mr. Lascelles; but the butler brought him a cup of hot soup, and he forgot any further protest.

"Of course you will have some soup," said Milly. "Now, Jimmy, get warm in a hurry; then you'll have to go and look for my poor lost ones."

Jimmy went to the door and came back rather ruefully.

"That blessed coachman's gone off. Says he 'wouldn't take 'is life in 'is hand again for nobody.' What's to be done?"

"My dear Milly," Mrs. Lascelles smiled sweetly, "it really does seem as if Providence had conspired with the fog to put an end to this unhappy misunderstanding."

"Of course it has, and equally of course you will stay the night," said Milly, rushing away to have a room prepared.

Mr. Lascelles looked after her approvingly. "There's more sense in that girl's little finger than in the whole of Charteris' body. I hope if they have gone home in our carriage, that your sister will do as much for them, Jimmy."

Milly came back and drew Jimmy aside. "Here's a flask and some sandwiches, Jimmy, and papa's fur coat to put on over your thin dress things; your own isn't half warm enough. Everyone knows daddy's fur coat; it is one of the landmarks of West Hill. Now go, dear, and never come back until you find father and mother. If they are at your house, make them stop the night. Your sister will see to that, though. Then you can bring them back in the morning, and they will be so penitent and ashamed that—don't you see?"

Dead tired, Jimmy pulled himself together, and took an affectionate farewell of his parents. "You go to bed," he said, "and I'll come back for you in the morning."

Milly accompanied him to the hall. "Jimmy, dear, you're an absolutely unselfish hero. Are you—are you sure there isn't anyone looking?"

"I don't think so." Jimmy woke up with unexpected alacrity.

The next moment something soft touched his lips, thrilled him, filled him with delight. When he recovered his senses, Milly had disappeared.

Jimmy walked down the drive in Mr.

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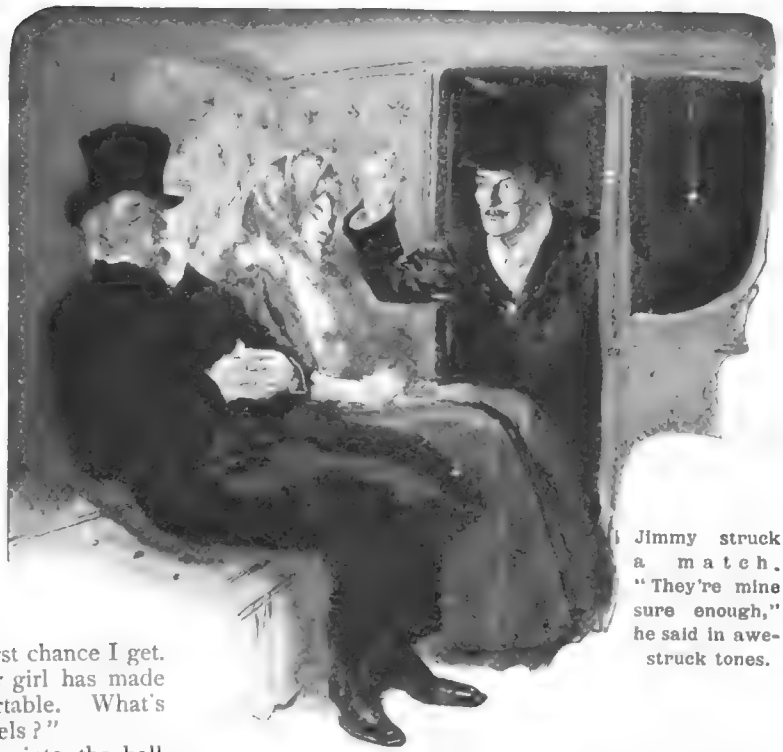
Charteris' warm fur coat, with difficulty keeping to the path.

III.

As they sat at breakfast the next morning, Milly began to congratulate herself on the happy turn events had taken. "I don't mind admitting to you that your father and myself ought to be ashamed of ourselves," said Mr. Lascelles to Milly, when she herself brought him a second helping of devilled kidneys. "And I'll tell him so the first chance I get. I only hope that my girl has made him equally comfortable. What's that? Carriage wheels?"



Jimmy struck a match. "They're mine sure enough," he said in awe-struck tones.

He followed Milly into the hall and warmly grasped Charteris' hand, then helped Mrs. Charteris to descend. "Such a silly mistake," he said genially. "Hope you got home without any serious misadventure. Jim—Why, where are you?" He turned angrily to Charteris. "Jimmy might have had the politeness to escort an old friend like you back to his own house."

Milly gave a little cry of alarm.

"We haven't seen Jimmy," said Mr. Charteris. "I wanted particularly to thank him for his noble conduct in starting the applause for my speech. A remarkably fine fellow is James."

Milly began to cry softly. "And I sent him to his fate. For anything we know, he may have got off the road and wandered into one of the ponds, and we—we shall never know until the fog completely clears away. We thought he was with you, papa. He left here to—to make you comfortable."

"He's a noble young fellow," said Mr. Charteris warmly. "John, run down to the police-station, and give my compliments to the Inspector, and ask him to come up at once."

"Yes, sir. Beg pardon, sir, but here's the Inspector and a policeman comin' up the walk with a tramp."

"Bless my soul, how extraordinary! There hasn't been a burglary during the night, has there? I've been afraid for twenty years that someone would get into the house through that pantry window. Good-morning, Inspector. Anything happened?"

The Inspector saluted deferentially. He looked pleased with himself; so did the constable.

"Beg pardon, sir, but a neat thing—a very neat thing, sir. We caught him in the fog, just as he was coming out of the grounds, *in flagrantum derelictum*. Hem! Likewise your fur coat, sir. Everyone on West Hill knows that coat. A neat catch, sir—in spite of his violence. He'd hidden the—the swag, and then lost himself in the fog before he ran into the arms of X 207. A most discerning young officer. The ruffian tried to knock him down; but X 207 knew the coat—even in the fog—and closed with him and took him to the station. He insisted on being brought before——"

But, with a wild cry, Milly rushed past the Inspector and threw her arms round the tramp in the fur coat.

"Speak to me, Jimmy, dear. Speak to me. You're not hurt? You wicked, cruel men, how dare you knock him about so!"

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"Hem!" The Inspector coughed behind his regulation glove. "Some mistake here, sir. The prisoner told a long, rambling story that he was a friend of yours and going to look for you; but the coat made that too thin."

As Milly clung to him, Jimmy slowly unbuttoned the coat.

"That brute," he glowered darkly at X 207, whose triumphant expression rapidly changed to one of abject misery, "gave me one on the head before I saw him, then half-throttled me, sat on my chest, and dragged me off—to—the—sta——"

He staggered and sat down in a chair opposite.

"Hem!" The Inspector looked from one to the other. "How often have I warned you against doing things in a hurry, X 207? This promises to be serious if the halfpenny papers get hold of it. Assault on a gentleman in his friend's grounds. You'd better go back to the country. It will be my painful duty to report you for an unprovoked assault on this gentleman's *corpore vili*. Hem!"

"'Twas my forehead. Nothing to do with my eye. There's a bump as big as an egg," growled Jimmy. "And I haven't had any breakfast yet."

"This is serious, Inspector," said Mr. Charteris. "The consequences may be very serious. Unprovoked assault!"

"Oh, let him go," said Jimmy, "though he did sneak my sandwiches."

X 207 saluted automatically.

"Very sorry, sir. Sandwiches was to be used in evidence against you. Likewise the flask. Empty flask, sir. And, again beggin' pardin sir, you knocked the wind out of me pretty well. Hope you don't bear no malice, sir."

But the suffering young hero had been led away by Milly to have his head bathed.

"That gentleman is my future son-in-law, Inspector," said Mr. Charteris, "and his story is perfectly true. The affair has cleared up a family fog, so we'll say no more about it."

"I thank you, sir."

The Inspector bowed gracefully.

"X 207, let this be a lesson to you. Remember that tact—hem—and discretion are the *suaverters in modos*, so to speak. You catch my meaning? You may go—back to duty this time. Hem!"

"Come up to my den and talk things over, Lascelles," said Charteris. He peered into the breakfast-room. "She's bathing the bump. Fine, handsome, manly young chap when she's finished washing his face. Makes me young again to see how he's forgotten his breakfast, after all. Eh, what?"

## A PARTING.

**"Farewell, old friend, for you and I must part;**
**The time at last arrives—it must be so.**
**Unwillingly, with anguish in my heart,**
**I contemplate the moment when you go.**

**"'Tis many years since first you came to me,**
**And in my service toiled with fortitude.**
**That we might part I did not then foresee;**
**Your noble work has earned my gratitude.**

**"Perhaps I have not cared enough for you,**
**Maybe the work was more than you could bear.**
**I should have stopped you long ago, 'tis true;**
**It might have saved this day of dark despair.**

**"Farewell, old friend—if we could but remain**
**Unseparated now, without a doubt**
**I should be spared much suffering and great pain.**
**Farewell! my friend" . . . *the dentist pulled it out.***

**Evelyn Grogan.**

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# CAP AND BELLS

### A MINE OF INFORMATION.

May, who is taken to the seaside and sees a steamer for the first time, exclaims: "Look, ma! There's a puff-puff having a bath."

* * * * *

### AN UNSELFISH WIFE.

MRS. RUGGS: "Why do you dislike Dr. Curem?"

MRS. MUGGS: "He cured my husband's rheumatism, so that he can never tell when it is going to rain, and last week I spoilt a brand-new hat."

* * * * *

### YET ANOTHER EDITOR.

FORMER EMPLOYER: "And so you are a newspaper man now, Thompson?"

THOMPSON: "Yes, sir; I'm the editor of the job department."

FORMER EMPLOYER: "Editor of the job department?"

THOMPSON: "Yes, sir; I carries in coal, and scrubs the floor, and washes down the windows, and all such editin' as that, sir."

* * *

### LIKELY TO GET ON.

There is a young man in Leeds so careful that, in calling on his girl, he always knocks, for fear if he came with a ring she might consider it a proposal.

* * *

### ALL IN VAIN.

CHAMP (savagely): "Your beast of a dog has bitten a piece clean out of my leg."

SHARPE (ditto): "Confound it. I wanted to bring him up as a vegetarian."

***"Why, Archie, you're not at the jam again, and only punished for it an hour ago?"***

***"Yes, Ma, I heard you tell Auntie you thought you had whipped me too hard, and I thought I'd make things even."***

### A KIND FRIEND.

JOBSON: "What did Hobson say about my play?"

DOBSON: "He said that he certainly felt that he had got his money's worth."

JOBSON: "Anything else?"

DOBSON: "Oh, yes; he asked me to thank you for the complimentary ticket you sent him."

* * * * *

### HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

A little tot saying her prayers was asked by her mother why she had not asked forgiveness for some special act of disobedience.

"Why, mamma, I didn't suppose you wanted it mentioned outside the family."

* * * * *

### A BUCOLIC SONG.

**I have a little cottage with the roses climbing round,**
**And a pretty little garden where the blossoms all abound;**
**The sky is brightest azure now and I am also blue,**
**For while the dew is falling there's the rent a-falling due.**

* * * * *

### JUST CAUSE.

EDITH: "Why did you dismiss Mr. Goodheart?"

BLANCHE: "Oh, he got so that he'd rather sit at home and hold my hand than take me to the theatre."

* * * * *

### FULLY EXPLAINED.

A traveller who was about to step into bed in an hotel saw a most suspicious small creature on his pillow. He called the waiter and exclaimed: "You assured me there were no insects here. What is that?"

"That, sir," replied the man promptly, "is the exception which proves the rule."

The traveller then turned over the pillow and uncovered another. "And this, what do you call this?"

"That, that——" faltered the attendant, "that is the wife of the exception."

* * *

### THE BITER BITTEN.

HE (a new arrival at seaside hotel, to unknown lady): "Aw—have you been a captive in this—er—menagerie long?"

SHE: "You can hardly call me a captive; perhaps 'keeper' would be better, for I am the wife of the showman and have to help feed the animals."

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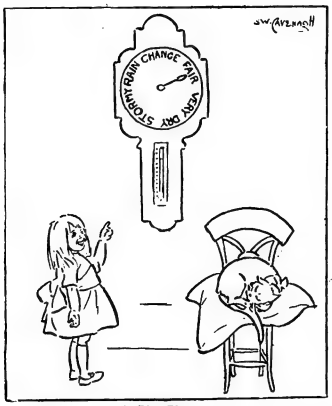
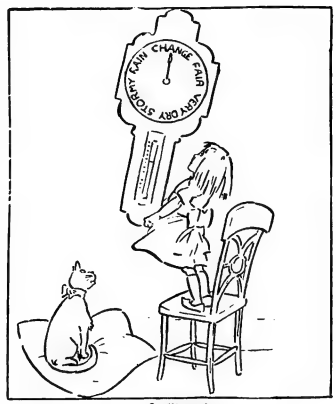



*1. The Glass.*




*2. Changing.*

## CAUTION.

DAUGHTER: "Mamma, Mr. Black proposed to me last night."

SOCIETY MOTHER: "Did you accept him, Ethel?"

DAUGHTER: "Yes, mamma."

SOCIETY MOTHER: "Has he any money, Ethel?"

DAUGHTER: "Only five hundred a year, mamma."

SOCIETY MOTHER: "Well, Ethel, handle him carefully till the spring. Possibly you may pick up something better during the winter."

* * *

## A HINT.

MARY: "George, I have heard you spoken of frequently as a successful business man."

GEORGE: "I am that. Why?"

MARY: "Well, considering the fact that you have been visiting me for three years, I think you should maintain your reputation and talk business."

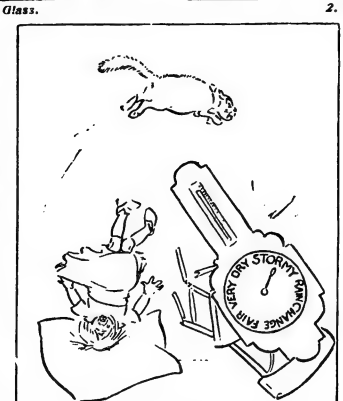
He maintained his reputation.

* * * * *

## A DISTRESSING SYMPTOM.

MISTRESS: "I am so sorry your brother is ill. What does the telegram say?"

MISS O'HOOLIHAN: "Not much, mum. But it's the tilygram that makes me fear he's dying. His handwriting is that changed I'd never know it at all, at all."




*3. Falling.*

## THE END JUSTIFIED THE MEANS.

LAURA: "Auntie, should I be justified in writing to a young man who had never written to me?"

AUNTIE: "Only on very important business, my dear."

LAURA: "Well, this is important business. I want to marry him."

* * *

## JUST AS CATCHING AS YAWNING.

"Do you see that gentleman sitting opposite?" said one man in the tram-car to his next neighbour.

"Yes."

"I'll bet five shillings I can make him pull his watch out of his pocket and consult the time, without saying a word to him."

"All right," said his friend, "it's a go."

And the first speaker proceeded to try the experiment.

He waited a few minutes until the glance of the man referred to fell on him, and then, with much deliberation, drew forth his watch and looked at it.

The man opposite saw the movement, and instantly lifted his own watch from his vest pocket.

"It never fails," said the successful experimenter as he pocketed the five shillings. "Look at your watch, and it's as catching as yawning. Try it yourself on somebody."

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### HARD LINES.

"What was Helen crying about, Polly?" asked Polly's mamma, as the little one came in from the playground.

"She dug a great big hole in the garden, and her mamma wouldn't let her take it into the house with her," said Polly.

* * * * *

### SERVE A DOUBLE PURPOSE.

TOURIST: "Do those scarecrows save your crops?"

FARMER: "They work first-rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the field to see if th' clothes is wuth stealing, which they ain't, and that scares th' crows away."

* * * *

### A CURTAILED HOLIDAY.

"Why, old man, I thought you intended to make your Continental trip last year?"

"I did, but my wife found a new fashion in gowns in Paris, and hurried home to be the first to wear it."

* * * *

### A HINT.

MR. SLOWMATCH: "Johnnie, what do you think you'll be when you are a man?"

JOHNNIE: "Why, if you've got any pluck, I'll be your brother-in-law."

* * * *

### EASILY EXPLAINED.

MAUD: "Major, is it true that once during the war one of the enemy died to save your life?"

MAJOR BLUNTLY: "Yes."

MAUD: "How noble! How did it happen?"

MAJOR BLUNTLY: "I killed him."

* * * *

### QUITE UNNECESSARY.

**I saw a manly arm about her waist,**
**Lips to my love's lips pressed.**
**Her soft, smooth cheek, in tender confidence,**
**Upon his shoulder rest.**
**His fingers to her silk-like tresses strayed,**
**Lifting the sheeny mass.**
**I was not jealous, for we stood alone**
**Before the glass.**

*Social Circles.*

### A SHY GIRL.

"Yes," said the young student thoughtfully, "when I get interested in a subject I never stop until I have embraced it thoroughly."

"That's nice," was his sweetheart's hesitating reply. "I wish I was an interesting subject."

And she promptly became one.

* * * * *

### THOUGHTFUL PARENTS.

Much has been said of late years of the inappropriate names with which thoughtless parents too often burden their children. A Portsmouth man has laid the matter to heart.

"What have you named your baby?" asked a visitor.

"Samuel Pro Tem Johnson."

"What is the 'Pro Tem' for?"

"To show that the name is only temporary. We thought Sam might like to choose his own name when he growed up, so we put 'Pro Tem' in as a warning to the public."

* * *

### ONE OF OUR CROSSES.

"Hullo, Jones, what are you doing with your coat buttoned up to your chin? Are you ill?"

"Hush, don't mention it; I have on a tie that my wife selected."

* * * *

### A SPOONERISM.

An old gentleman who was somewhat absent-minded at times had a way of reversing his words. He one day entered a confectioner's shop, and asked the assistant to give him a "Bath of milk and a glass bun."

* * * * *

### AN EXPERIENCED MAN.

CUMSO: "Wait a minute, Fangle. I want to step into the dressmaker's and pay my wife's bill."

FANGLE: "Why don't you give her the money and let her go and pay it?"

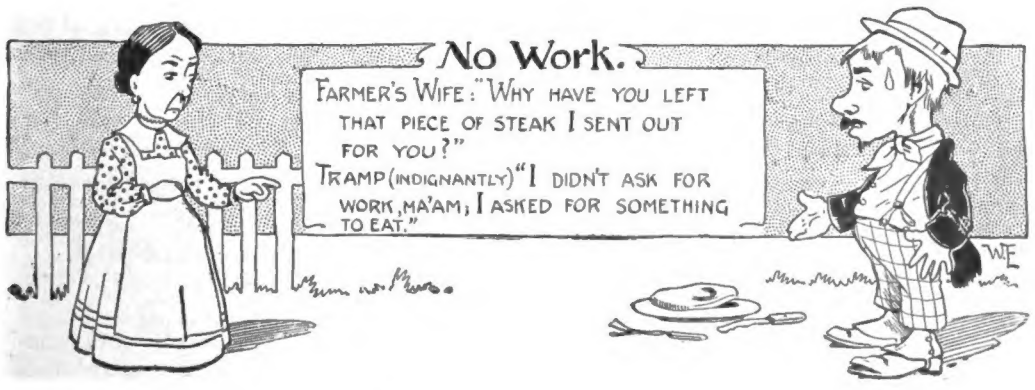
CUMSO: "She'd order another dress."

* * * * *

### A DIPLOMATIST.

MOTHER: "So you wish to marry my daughter?"

HE (gallantly): "Partly that, madam, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law."


No Work.
FARMER'S WIFE: "WHY HAVE YOU LEFT THAT PIECE OF STEAK I SENT OUT FOR YOU?"
TRAMP (INDIGNANTLY) "I DIDN'T ASK FOR WORK, MA'AM; I ASKED FOR SOMETHING TO EAT."
WE

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### ALWAYS OBLIGING.

"Can you use these poems?" he asked, as he laid a large roll timidly on the table.

"Yes, certainly," said the editor cheerfully. "Just the right length for pipe-lighters. Most of the poems we get are on note-paper, and they're very inconvenient. Call again."

* * * * *

### REPARTEE.

"My dear," said a lady to a friend who was complaining of a servant, "you can't expect all the virtues for £12 a year."

"But I pay £13," was the practical response.

### AN EXPERIENCED YOUNG MAN.

MABEL (relenting, but still a little angry): "Anything I have of yours I will return at once."

CHARLIE (giving her a kiss): "Well, there's your opportunity."

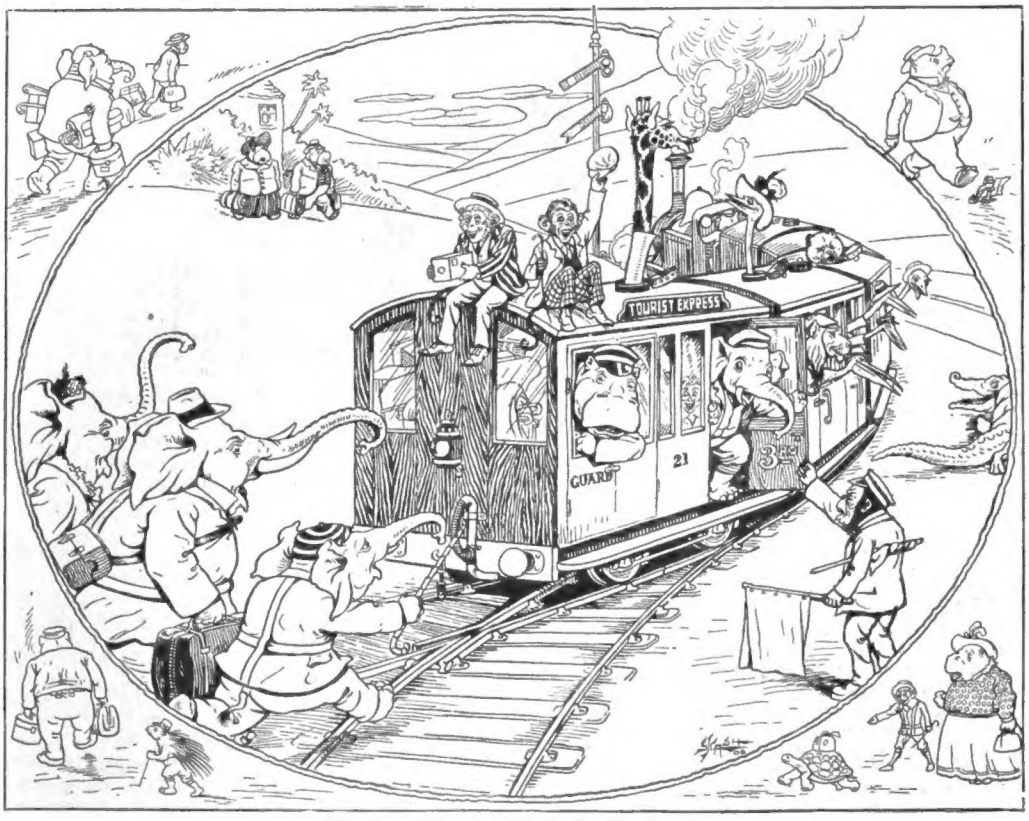
* * * * *

### A BLESSING INDEED.

WIDOW: "Well, Mr. Brief, have you read the will?"

BRIEF: "Yes, but I can't make anything out of it."

HEIRS: "Let's have it patented. A will that a lawyer can't make anything out of is a blessing."




***The Jungle Express starts for the Coast.***

### AN INGENIOUS ARGUMENT.

CABBY: "I want sixpence more, yer honour."

FARE (escorting a very fat lady): "How do you explain that?"

CABBY: "Well, two miles is a shillin', and then the miss is as good as a mile."

* * * * *

### A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE.

OLD HENPECK: "Nonsense. The idea of talking so about marriage. You and my daughter have not been engaged six months."

YOUNG MAN. "Do you believe in long engagements?"

OLD HENPECK: "Certainly, my young friend, certainly. The longer the engagement the shorter the marriage."

### A REASON FOR EVERYTHING.

FIRST ARTIST: "Seen my portrait of Miss Hylton in the Academy this year?"

SECOND ARTIST: "Yes."

FIRST ARTIST: "I promised I would paint it for her, you know. Charming girl; in fact, she's a perfect angel."

SECOND ARTIST: "Ah, I suppose that is why she was skied."

* * * * *

### A CAT OF MANY SKELETONS.

CURIO DEALER: "Here's a skeleton of John Wesley's pet cat."

COLLECTOR: "What's this small one?"

CURIO DEALER: "That's a skeleton of the same cat when it was a kitten."

[*Cap and Bells continued overleaf.*]

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### IMPOSSIBLE.

"Tommy," said his mother, "do you think you'll get a prize at school for being good?"

"No, ma," said Tommy.

"Why not, sir?" asked his father sternly, laying down the paper.

"Because they don't give any," said Tommy meekly.

* * * * *

### QUITE EQUAL TO IT.

"Could you do the landlord in the *Lady of Lyons*?" asked the manager of a seedy actor.

"Well, I should think I might; I have done a good many landlords."

* * * * *

### UNKIND.

OLIVER: "Men are more valuable than women."

OLIVET: "What nonsense."

OLIVER: "It's a fact. Every man has his price, but brides are given away."

* * * * *

### HE KNEW.

"What is that awful noise in the next room?" asked the early guest at the banquet.

"That," replied the newspaper reporter, who had already arrived with a sharp pencil and a sharper appetite, "must be the table groaning under all the delicacies of the season."

* * * *

SMALL PORTIONS.
GREEN (IN RESTAURANT-GARDEN)
"WHY DOES THE WAITER HAVE A COVER OVER HIS TRAY?"
PAPA, "I GUESS IT'S SO THE WIND WON'T BLOW AWAY THE PORTIONS."

### AN ATTEMPT AT SARCASM.

OLD BOY (who has been upset by post-office red tape, handing a postcard to the clerk): "Will that go all right?"

POSTAL CLERK: "Certainly. Why shouldn't it?"

OLD BOY: "Well, after I wrote, I accidentally got a little blot on the front side of it, and, you know, 'Nothing but the address is to be on this side' is printed there. I wasn't sure if blots counted or not."

* * * * *

### A DIFFICULT TASK.

"I don't believe in allowing domestics to get the upper hand. I make my servant keep her place."

"You are lucky. Ours never does for more than three weeks."

* * * * *

### A BUDDING FINANCIER.

TRAVELLER: "Now, what ought little boys to say when a gentleman gives them a penny for carrying his bag?"

SMALL BOY: "'Taint 'nough."

### A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

OLD FRIEND: "You should always take your wife into your confidence. Women appreciate that sort of thing."

DE BROKER: "Oh, I do that; that is, in part."

OLD FRIEND: "You tell her of your gains and losses, I presume?"

DE BROKER: "Um—I always tell her of my losses."

* * * * *

### NASTY.

MAUD: "Now, when I am asked to sing, I never say 'Oh, I can't!' but I always sit down at the piano and——"

MAMIE: "And let the audience find out for themselves. Yes."

* * * * *

### MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

HE (to the matrimonial agent): "I've married that rich party you engaged for me, but she won't give me any money."

"And what could you ask better? Not only have you a rich wife, but also a prudent one."

* * *

### A GENTLE HINT.

"Come," observed the brisk young stockbroker to his very best girl. "You shall choose your own present."

And then she observed artlessly: "Are er—engagement rings very expensive, Cadwallader darling?"

* * *

### MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"Why, Clara, you look radiant. What has happened?"

"I've just received an invitation to a wedding."

"Well, there's nothing particular in that to go into raptures over."

"Yes; but it happens to be my own."

* * * * *

### A MATTER OF TIME.

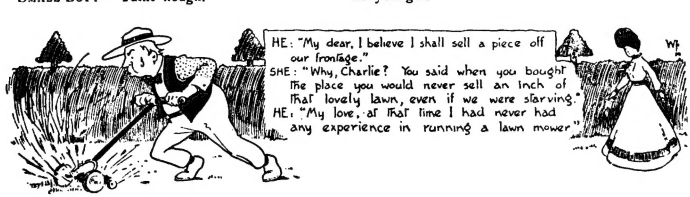
If an untruth is only a day old it is called a lie; if it is a year old it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old it is called a legend.

* * * * *

### NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

PHYSICIAN: "My dear sir, I may try to physic you as much as I like, but I cannot make you grow younger."

PATIENT: "You are on the wrong tack, doctor. I want your physic to make me grow much older—not younger."


HE: "My dear, I believe I shall sell a piece off our frontage."
SHE: "Why, Charlie? You said when you bought the place you would never sell an inch of that lovely lawn, even if we were starving."
HE: "My love, at that time I had never had any experience in running a lawn mower."



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# MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.



*A Few Paragraphs of Gossip.*

### WOULD-BE AUTHORS.

I HAVE long ceased to wonder at the marvellous self-satisfaction of those myriads of would-be authors who cheerfully send me their literary efforts—poems or stories, so extraordinarily bad from every point of view, that any intelligent school child, it seems to me, could have done better. Most of these people would be extremely wrathful if you suggested that they have no literary gifts and had best employ their time and energy on other things. I know this to my cost.

Some months ago I received a letter from a man telling me he had completed a novel, the composition of which had taken him years of labour and observation and thought. Would I consider it? I would. So in due time the great work arrived, accompanied by a long, rambling, and ungrammatical letter, setting forth its extraordinary merits with an enthusiastic self-satisfaction, which seemed to me very pathetic after I had read the opening chapters. They contained nothing but a jumble of illiterate sentences strung together anyhow, and leading to nothing.

The morning after the receipt of this precious document I received a letter from the author imploring me not to keep him long in suspense as to my decision, and later on that same day he rang me up on the telephone and inquired if I had read the story. Poor fellow, he was evidently almost sick with excitement, so I told him he would hear from me to-morrow, and straightway wrote him a letter telling him as gently as I could that his writing was impossible, and that he had far better not waste his time in useless literary efforts. I thought this the kindest thing to do, although I knew well enough that my correspondent would certainly not appreciate the thought which prompted me to write the letter.

But I assuredly wasn't prepared for such a reception of my well-meant advice as the post eventually brought—a sixteen-page letter of such appalling abuse and invective as even shocked a hardened old veteran like myself. Such was the baffled writer's fury that the handwriting was quite illegible in places. Finally, he vowed he would do for me if ever he had the bad fortune to meet me. The affair happened about a year ago, and I'm still alive—but who knows what the future may bring forth?

### "DR. WATSON."

A correspondent signing himself "Dr. Watson" sends me each month a clever and amusing analysis of Paul Beck's detective feats. As no address appears on these letters I have not been able to acknowledge them, and therefore take the present opportunity of doing so. Doctor Watson, you all remember, was Sherlock Holmes' Boswell; and I rejoice to say that, in spite of his idolatry of the elder detective, he has no little respect for Beck's masterly methods.

### THANK YOU, THOMAS!

Another letter containing no address came to hand a few days before these lines were written. My correspondent is a boy, and I very much regret that I am not able to thank him personally and privately for his note. It has given me as much pleasure as any communication I have recently received from my readers.

"When mother's read the ROYAL," writes my correspondent, who signs himself Thomas Bartlett, "she hands it to father, and when he has read it he hands it to me; and we all think it's the best magazine published."

Thank you, Thomas! That's just the approbation I've been working years to get.

### THE AUGUST COVER.

The design on THE ROYAL cover for next month will be a bunch of roses reproduced in their natural colours

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